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by MARJORIE VETTER

A LONG TIME COMING. By PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY. *David McKay Company*, \$3.00. Honestly and effectively handled and peopled with interesting, believable characters, this is a novel for those older girls who ask for a slice of real life in their books. It deals with the migrant worker—a problem which is greatly troubling thoughtful Americans today. Shattered by double blows—the death of her beautiful mother and the marriage of the boy with whom she is in love—Christie Allard visits her aunt, Miss Amelia Allard, in the small Midwestern town of Leola, while she makes up her mind about her future. Leola has only one big industry, the growing and canning of corn by the Allard Company, whose absentee owner is Christie's father. Though the migrant workers are the base of the town's economy, they are ostracized, mistrusted, immediately blamed for any trouble, even feared and hated by the townspeople. Sometimes, with sullen, angry pride, the workers resent this and the intolerable conditions in which they are forced to live—denied steady employment, adequate housing, education, health services, normal ties with the community. Christie has had no contact with her father since her parents divorce when she was nine, and she is unprepared for her role as plant owner's daughter. Raised in a distant city by a frivolous mother, she has had little association with Leola and its problems and, burdened now by her own troubles, she couldn't have less interest. Through Aurora Gomez, an attractive migrant camp girl with whom she travels to Leola; through social worker Marge Molloy; a young minister, Alan Bennett; and a brash outspoken reporter, Tom Webb, her interest is aroused against her will until she is wholeheartedly involved on the side of the migrants. She even stands up to Aunt Amelia, leader of the faction whose complacent statements about migrants will make your blood boil. Christie's interest in the problems of the migrants broadens and strengthens her so that she is able to solve her own problems to everyone's satisfaction.

HIGH NOTE, LOW NOTE. By ANNE EMERY. *The Westminster Press*, \$2.50. Do you remember Jean Burnaby of "Sorority Girl" and her attractive family? Here Jean, glad to be friends again with Jeff Sutton, is beginning her senior year when this story opens. Her music has become very important to her and she is resolved to devote a good deal of her time to her piano practicing. On the first day of school, she is captivated by a new girl, Kim Ballard, who has lived with her writer-artist parents in fascinating places all over the world. All things come easily to Kim; she is beautiful, poised, a fine musician. For a long time Jean closes her mind to many indications—all too evident to others—that Kim is selfish, irresponsible, and not always

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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ethically above reproach. Jean is uneasy about Jeff, too, as he becomes increasingly serious about their relationship. Jean likes him, doesn't want to hurt him, but she is more and more convinced that he cares much more for her than she for him—and her thoughts will stray toward Scotty, the boy next door who used to be her older sister's beau. As if she didn't have problems enough, her teacher tells her she has advanced to the point where she must have a grand piano on which to practice, especially if she wishes to win a scholarship. How can Jean ask her professor father to buy her a new piano, especially now when her younger sister, suddenly displaying amazing talent on the violin, needs a new instrument? All in all, it's quite a year for Jean and you will enjoy reading about it as you enjoy all Anne Emery's books.

THE HOUSE OF THE FIFERS. By REBECCA CAUDELL. *Longmans, Green and Company*, \$2.75. Few spoiled, selfish teen-agers, aping a tawdry, superficial adulthood of too much make-up, too much sophistication, thinking only of boys and parties and tearing around in convertibles, have the good fortune to be sent for the summer to the House of the Fifers to be made into poised, attractive women. Monica Fifer was that lucky! She didn't know it though when, all her tearful pleas having failed, she was shipped off by her father for the summer. At ten she had loved the old Fifer farm and the Fifers who lived on it; but fifteen now, she thought the simple, busy, country Fifers unspeakably dull and a summer at the farm an eternity of boredom. At first she made no attempt to share the life of the Fifers in the big house with its three porches—"Bridget," where ironing and other work was done; "Kinsfolk," where the family gathered in the evenings to talk and relax; and "Sociable," where callers were entertained. Monica did not try to hide from her attractive, energetic cousin Nancy how stupid she considered the 4-H work which Nancy so enthusiastically and competently performed. But little Monica was drawn into the life of the family. She loved her kindly, crippled Uncle Steve and found herself enjoying his evening Bible readings. Her handsome eighteen-year-old cousin Corky's teasing pricked her into a desire to earn his respect. But it was her wonderful, wise Aunt Willis who helped her most. Monica learned to milk a cow, plant a garden, and drive a car. She began to think of somebody besides Monica Fifer. In solving a difficult problem by her own efforts, when treating her small cousins, dreamy Benny and practical Doak (whom Uncle Steve called Plain and Fancy) she proved herself a true Fifer. She proved it again when all the Fifers were facing bitter loss, though she couldn't fully appreciate their feelings until she herself had known a similar experience firsthand. Perhaps you will be helped in your own growing up by this warm, appealing story of the gradual rich development of a shallow schoolgirl under the influence of a fine farm family, facing drought and the defeat of cherished plans with faith and courage.

A "BLUE" FOR ILLI. By NANCY HARTWELL. *Henry Holt and Company*, \$2.50. Tan sweater set, pleated skirt, loafers—pretty blond Illi Horvath looked like any American high school girl. But she did not feel like an American or understand them very well—either her fellow students or her foster family. Her parents killed, her brother

vanished into the Underworld, Illi had lived by her wits in a cruel, fighting world ever since she had run away from the Nazis in her native Hungary. No wonder she could not share the youthful, lighthearted gaiety of her fellow students. No wonder she found it hard to believe in or trust the loving generosity of the Enrights who had brought her to their pleasant country home to be a second daughter to them and a companion to their only child, brave, gay Ardis, confined to a wheel chair from the effects of polio. Deep within her, Illi cherished memories of her childhood in Hungary where she had known love and tender care. On his great farm, her grandfather had raised horses. Here Illi had learned to ride and to know and love horses, especially her own thoroughbred, Vidám. When a neighbor of the Enrights, Neal Austin, gave her a ride on Pokey, the colt that so much resembled Vidám, Illi knew a momentary wild happiness. But she had a good deal to live through before she realized how much the Enrights loved her and how much she had to give to the Enrights, to Ardis, to their arrogant young cousin Mark who had lived as an officer's son in Germany, and to Neal Austin. By the time she and Pokey won a "blue" in a horse show, Illi had made a difficult adjustment to feel that she was now truly an American, a real daughter to the Enrights, a sister to Ardis, and a good deal more to Neal Austin.

SALLY'S REAL ESTATE VENTURE. By ENID AND MARGARET JOHNSON. *Julian Messner, \$2.50.* Seventeen-year-old Sally had graduated from high school and was looking forward to college when her father's sudden death revealed his tangled financial affairs. Sally was left with only a small insurance policy which would pay her a lump sum of \$5,000 when she was twenty-one and one hundred dollars a month until then. Sally was used to gaiety and luxury and she was appalled at the idea of accepting the dutiful, but almost grudging offer, of a home with the plain, dull family of her only relative, while she studied so that she might support herself as a secretary. The only other resource she had was a white elephant of a house in a fashionable part of Westchester, left to her by her mother. In desperation, Sally permitted her guardian to think she had accepted the invitation to visit a school friend in the East while, camping out in the old house, she tried to sell it for funds to put her through college. With stubborn spunk, she determined to stick it out even when she began to realize what it would cost to put the old house in shape to attract a buyer. She tried to learn all she could about the real estate business and, through luck and her own personality, sold herself to Martha Hayes, a local real estate agent, as errand girl, chauffeur, and general assistant. Slowly, with many ups and downs, she acquired a practical knowledge of what it takes to make a success handling real estate. Though she worked hard, she had time for an occasional date with Bill Quinn, who liked dancing and good times, and with Bob Fischer with whom she had clashed so often when she first came to Westchester. **THE END**

You may order books reviewed on these pages from the book publishers, in care of the magazine. Please make checks or money orders payable to the book publisher, not to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

How's your fashion I.Q.?

How many of the fashions below can you identify? Score 10 for each correct answer. You pass if you get 40. A score of 50 is good, 60 perfect. The answers are on page 47.



1. Popular bathing suit for '54 is

- (a) The bikini (b) The bloomer
- (c) The maillot



2. The summer cotton suit has

- (a) A man-tailored jacket
- (b) peplum jacket (c) slim box jacket



3. Her dress has

- (a) Dolman sleeves (b) Cap sleeves
- (c) Leg o' Mutton sleeves



4. Around her waist she wears

- (a) A contour belt (b) A waist cinch
- (c) A cummerbund



5. This neckline is called

- (a) Sweetheart
- (b) Scoop (c) "V"



6. Headline news this summer is

- (a) A plateau
- (b) A cloche (c) A turban



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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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JUNE COVER PHOTO



Not much of a fish story but a whale of a fashion story. Admiring the "one that didn't get away" is Val Phillips, left, in Teen Nymph's pretty-girl suit. Cut in the one-piece manner with halter neck and faille frosting. Red, brown, blue, or yellow Cela-perm lastex; 10-16 teen, about \$9. Pat Cooper, right, wears White Stag's formula-for-fun. Hip-length "Workin' Jerkin'" has wide carpenter pockets, adjustable belt, and spread collar to show off the blouse of your choice. Small, medium, large; about \$6. "Calf-skinners," pedal-pushers with a western taper; 8-18 teen, about \$5.50. Red, blue, green, pink, or white sailcloth. Shoes by Huskies. Lipstick by Peggy Sage. Stores on page 57.

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Blue Bonnet Lass

*A true story of a girl's
quick wit and courage during
Scotland's troubled times*

by MARJORIE YOULD HILL

Illustrations by Bill Timmins

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS as if you have touched the depths of misfortune . . . as if fate could do no worse to anyone. That was the way a real girl, Grisell Cochrane, felt as she stood on High Street in Edinburgh one July day in 1685. The prisoners of war were being brought into jail . . . and she had heard that her own father and brother were among them.

Grisell peered anxiously up the cobble street that wound down from the grim castle between tall, gray buildings. The cold fingers of one hand clutched her plaid more tightly under her chin; those of the other hand held tight to her grandfather's.

"They're coming!" Her voice was tense. Each ominous thud of the approaching drums seemed to hit her in the pit of her stomach, and the shrill skirling of the bagpipes sent shivers down her spine.

If her father actually had been captured, what would happen to him? Would he be beheaded like his leader, the brave Duke of Argyll?

A stillness of pity and dread fell over the crowds that pressed against the stone and timber buildings, cringing away from the arrogant soldiers. James of England still ruled. Their Duke's attempt to free Scotland had failed.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

NE, 1954

Grisell saw a tear roll from the eye of a red-skirted farm woman who stood next her. "The poor, poor lads," the woman murmured, wiping her cheek with a gnarled finger.

There came the prisoners, chained together—torn, dusty, limping, bloody. Grisell swallowed the lump in her throat.

"I don't see Father or John, do you, Grandfather?" She felt a faint hope rise in her breast.

The tall, proud old man at her side, the Earl of Dundonald himself, appeared not to hear her. He kept his gaze on the procession. Feeling him stiffen suddenly, Grisell turned to follow his staring eyes.

"Gramercy!" she cried. "There's Father! There's Jock!"

Their heads held high, unwounded, but with their hands shackled behind them, her beloved father and brother were marching along. Impulsively Grisell dropped her grandfather's hand. Her father saw her as she plunged into the scraggly ranks, and his eyes brightened.

Grisell reached his side; her outstretched arms were almost around his neck when she felt a heavy blow on her back. A viselike grip clamped down on her shoulder, jerking her away. She was flung out of the middle of the street to land on all fours in the muddy gutter.

"Away, you jade!" the harsh voice of a soldier shouted.

Grisell crouched helplessly—tears scalding her cheeks, palms tingling with the smack of the paving stones—and watched the receding backs of her father and brother. Bleakly she thought of what probably lay in store for them. If their heads weren't chopped off, their ears might be. Or they could be deported to penal colonies in Virginia.

It wasn't just to her own family that these things happened. They were happening all the time to nearly every family in Scotland. Churches were closed, the ministers hiding in the moors and mountains. Parliament had been disbanded, its leaders exiled or killed, their property confiscated. King Charles had been bad enough, but James II was worse. Force and terror reigned. Grisell had seen the ring of iron close ever more tightly about her friends and family, until this . . . the worst of all . . . had come.

A man in a countryman's blue bonnet helped her to her feet. "Tis a bloody time when a lass is treated so," he muttered. He glared after the pompous gold-braided soldiers and spat on the ground. "Bad cess to them!"

Grisell began to burn with indignation, too. Anger replaced her tears. She rubbed her skinned knees and tossed her head when her grandfather asked if she was all right.

"Of course I am! But, Grandfather!" She held her breath and then burst out, "We must save them!"

"Aye." The old earl smiled a wry twisted smile. "Tis easier said than done. What do you suggest, lass?"

"I could . . . perhaps I could help them escape from Tolbooth prison! Sophie rescued her father, the Duke of Argyll, when he was imprisoned a few years ago. Remember—she went to visit him with her servants and smuggled him out dressed in the livery of one of her lackeys?"

Her grandfather's smile grew more twisted. "James is not so lax as his brother was. We'll not be permitted to visit our relatives, I ken. I fear there's naught for you to do but pray, lass, and comfort your mother."

"But can't you do something, Grandfather? You're one of the most important men in our country."

"Aye, I can do something." The Earl's face grew hard as the graywacke stone of the hill they stood on. "Come, now, I must make haste."

Grisell had to trot to keep up with his strides. She followed him toward his house in the aristocratic quarter near St. Giles Cathedral. As usual, its spire was hidden in the smoke of hundreds of chimneys . . . that smoke which forever hung over Edinburgh and gave it the name of "Auld Reekie."

They turned into a wynd—an alley so narrow that the balconies of the house on opposite sides touched each other—and picked their way cautiously through the dim tunnel, avoiding refuse thrown out of kitchen windows above them. Soon they came to a close. Several impressive stone houses stood in this court. One of them belonged to the Earl of Dundonald. Here Grisell's family had been living since her father's estate of Ochiltree had been confiscated by the king.

With a screech wild as a Highlander's, Grisell leaped upon the man

Grisell found her mother, Lady Ochiltree, in the drawing room surrounded by half a dozen friends and relatives.

Grisell took her mother's hand in hers. "We saw them both, Minnie."

"Aye," said the Earl. "Margaret, I'm going to London town to bargain with James for my son's life. Keep up your heart, for if need be I shall buy his safety with my entire estate."

"Think you that you will succeed?" Lady Ochiltree's eyes were frightened. "Will there be time? Argyll was executed as soon as he was brought in."

"Argyll already had a death sentence hanging over him for previous so-called treason. There is yet no warrant for Sir John. The chance of averting it is great, for although our ruler hates and fears us greatly, he loves our money more!" The old man turned briskly toward one of the men in the room. "Hubert, do you go to the stables, and order Sohrab, my fastest horse, made ready at once."

When the Earl had ridden off to London, the household settled down to a week or more of tense waiting for word from him. Lady Ochiltree neither slept nor ate.





"I cannot rest until they're safe," she told Grisell. "My heart is filled with foreboding."

Her voice was so strained and her face so ashen above the brilliant green and red of her taffeta gown, that Grisell felt a new pang of alarm. What if something should happen to her mother, too? Grisell had never seen her so near breaking down. Although her own heart felt squeezed tight with fear, she answered cheerfully, "Don't worry, Minnie. Grandfather will succeed. I know he will!"

To escape the tense atmosphere of the house, Grisell took long rides on her white Galloway mare, Comet. Sometimes she climbed up to Arthur's Seat, where she looked down from the eight-hundred-foot height on the gray old city that clung to the sides of its steep hills. Sometimes she would go down past the Nor' Loch and gallop through the Meadows. One day she rode up to the castle itself, high above the whole city. Although it was the garrison of King James's soldiers, she was not afraid.

When she caught a glimpse of a red uniform, however, she hastily reined Comet in under a thick sheltering tree. Two soldiers had apparently come across the parade ground from the castle and were leaning over the parapet looking down upon the city and countryside. They were intent on looking through a telescope and did not see her. Grisell was a little beneath them, close enough to hear them speak.

The one who held the telescope laid it down in disgust. "No sign of the king's post yet!"

"He should have been here by now. The longer that death warrant is delayed, the more chance for trouble. These Scots are wily."

Death warrant! For whom? Grisell felt herself turn cold, as she strained to hear more. But the soldiers walked away, and Grisell headed Comet downward toward home, apprehension growing in her mind.

As she rode into the stable court a groom ran up. "Thank the good Lord, Mistress Grisell, that you are home."

"What's wrong, Tam?"

Instead of speaking, Tam's face crumpled, and tears filled his eyes. The dread sensation inside Grisell grew.

"Speak, Tam!"

"Bad news has come," he choked out. "And Lady Ochiltree is in a swoon like to die."

"Bad news?" Grisell's hands were wet with cold perspiration. "Not—not a death warrant?"

"Yes. A friend, close to the commander of the castle, has learned that a warrant was dispatched for Sir John from London, before the Earl even had a chance to get there. It's all over, now." As he led Comet away, Tam blubbered, "Oh, woe, woe to all of us!"

Just as when the soldier had pushed her down, Grisell reacted now with anger, not fear. Somebody must do something—persuade the

(Continued on page 30)

ALICE

Who was Alice? What was she?

by ERNIE RYDBERG

ALICE WAS GONE . . . One minute before we had clung to each other, as she whispered huskily, "Don't come out to the car with me, Jean. Let's say good-by here . . ."

From the door she had called, "See you next summer."

"Sure," I grinned. But my grin was phony.

Alice was gone . . . So was summer . . . All that now remained to remind me of Alice was a little square box with my name on it on the dresser. She hadn't said anything about it when she left. But I knew what was in the box.

Funny, how every so often you meet somebody who becomes an important part of your life. Somebody you want to be with; somebody you can talk to for hours on end; or sit with by the hour and never feel you have to say a word.

That was the way it had been with Alice and me. We met the first week in June up in Yosemite. I'd never been away from home. All the way up there on the bus I wanted to turn right around and go back. I wanted to be with the kids I knew, lying on the beach in the bright sunshine, riding the breakers, going to the show, meeting at the drive-in for cokes.

But no! I had had the bright idea of working at a resort for the summer. Getting away from home. Meeting new people. And incidentally, earning some money.

It was dusk when the bus pulled in at Yosemite. I was blue and homesick. I was tired and hot and sticky. As I trudged down the pathway toward the cabin where personnel directed me, I had never felt so low. People cooking meals over open fires. Happy laughter ringing out. Everybody had somebody. I had nobody.

The clerk had said my cabinmate was Alice Fulmer. I was afraid to meet her. She'd probably be smart and sophisticated. She'd have loads of good-looking clothes; scads of friends. Timidly I approached the little cabin, knocked on the door.

A pleasant voice called, "Come in!"

I pushed open the door. There was only one room furnished with twin beds, a dresser, and two chairs. One of them was drawn up to a small table. Alice was sitting there writing a letter. She got up, walked over to me, held out her hand.

She was little and cute, with wavy brown hair and dark eyes. She had on white shorts and a white blouse.

"Hi!" she said almost shyly. "I'm Alice. You must be Jean."

"Uh-huh," I grinned. I felt better. She was



Illustrations by Stephanie

nice—quiet and friendly. "Cute place," I said, glancing around.

"It's terrific. Come on, I want to show you something before it's too dark." She grabbed my hand and led me out to the little back porch. "Stand on your tiptoes."

I did. Off through the trees I caught a breath-taking glimpse of a lake. A new moon hung in the western sky.

"It's lovely," I murmured, my loneliness draining away. I felt as if I'd known Alice for years.

We went back into the cabin. Alice pulled back the curtain of the corner closet. Half the hangers were empty. The others held skirts and blouses and a blue suit. There was one formal—just the same wardrobe I'd brought along.

I began to unpack. Alice had left one small drawer and one large one in the dresser for me—the same as she had taken for herself. Her brush and comb, lipstick, bobby pins, perfume, and cologne were neatly lined up on her side of the bureau.

That was the beginning. As I said, every so often you meet somebody who seems almost like a part of yourself. You think alike. You laugh at the same things. You love doing things for her; love having her doing little things for you.

Right away Alice began to help me. We both were assigned to waiting tables at the lodge. She'd worked three days and knew the ropes, while I was green as grass.

"There is nothing to it," she said lightly.

It was just as Alice said. It was work, but it was fun. There were hikes up to the falls, the big campfire in the evening. There were the dances where we were just a part of the gang.

We seldom talked of home. Once when we were catching our breath on a climb to Vernal Falls, I asked, "How did you happen to choose Yosemite, Alice? There are so many places you might have gone."

Alice didn't say anything for a few seconds. There was a serious look on her face as she gazed out across the valley.

"I didn't really want to come," she said quietly. "Not Yosemite or any other place."

I stared at her in amazement. "You didn't?" I gasped.

"Not at first," said Alice soberly. Then she smiled and her whole face brightened. "But after I got here I was awfully glad. You see, it was Daddy's idea."

"Oh?" I felt a little uncomfortable—as if I had opened a touchy subject.

"Daddy has theories," went on Alice simply. "He has the idea that when young folks begin to grow up, it's good for them to earn money away from home for a while . . . under the right conditions, of course. He thinks it teaches self-reliance; makes you realize the value of money a little; makes you appreciate your home more. I know now that he is right."

I nodded soberly. We just sat there for a long time. I thought about my own family. Alice knew my father was a carpenter and

that we lived in a modest little cottage, that I had a little sister and a big brother. Though she hadn't talked much about them, I knew she was fond of her family, too, and that they wrote regularly the same as mine did.

"Dad's quite a guy," Alice said as we started up the trail again.

Everybody liked Alice, so it was no wonder when a "plum" job came up, she got it. One of the girls in the curio shop was suddenly called home and Alice took her place. I was sorry because I didn't see so much of her. But I was glad for her because the job paid better.

We made sort of a game of our savings. We acted like a couple of misers. We'd think twice before buying both a hamburger and a malt. But it was fun, and we spent hours planning what we'd use the money for during our next term at school.

There was only one thing about our relationship that bothered me. It was my watch—

the one I didn't have. Alice had a small gold one with a black cord band. With all her efficiency she was forever forgetting to wind it. The first morning I was there, she picked up her watch and exclaimed, "Darn! I forgot to wind this thing. What time is it, Jean?"

"I don't know," I said quietly. "I haven't a watch." I felt a little embarrassed. I'd wanted a watch for a long time. But it just wasn't in our budget.

I fell into the habit of dropping over to the curio shop a few minutes before Alice went off duty. I'd look around at the souvenirs. Before I went home I was going to buy a little gift for each of the family.

Sometimes, if there were no customers in the shop, Alice and I would put on an act. I'd pretend I was going to buy some of the more expensive things. I'd skip the little redwood items with "Yosemite" burned into them. I'd have her show me the fountain-pen sets, the jewelry . . . then we'd come to the watch counter.

"Let's see that one," I'd murmur. She'd hand it to me.

"It's sweet," I'd say, "How much?" "Eighty dollars."

"Is that all?" I'd scoff. "I'd like something a little better. A nice man at my table gave me a hundred-dollar tip today. 'Buy yourself something nice,' he said, 'a watch or something.'"

Alice would chuckle, but not very heartily. After a couple of times, I decided it wasn't a very funny joke and skipped it.

Now Alice was gone . . . There was a lump in my throat. Our little cabin seemed empty and dismal as I went about my packing. I was glad to be leaving for home on the noon bus . . . I picked up the box on the bureau and read the card:

*Can hardly wait until next summer.
Hope this reminds you of me every second until then.*

Love, Alice.

Now that I had met Alice's parents, I couldn't read that card and not guess what Alice had bought me, and the gift would spoil our happy relationship. Alice was lost to me. For the first time since I'd known her I felt uncomfortable. I was angry at myself, too. I'd been a silly little fool with my stupid game.

I'd awakened early that morning. My emotions were mixed. I was sorry my wonderful vacation was over. I dreaded saying good-bye to Alice. But I was anxious to see my family. I knew the summer had done things for me. I felt more grown-up, more mature. I'd received a fine recommendation from the lodge and I'd saved a lot of money.

After breakfast I made an excuse to get away from Alice for a few minutes. I'd seen something at the curio store that I wanted to buy her. It was a square blue-stone ring with an adjustable band; price—\$1.50. On the band was stamped the word, "Friendship."

I hurried back. In front of the cabin I saw them—Alice's father and mother. I recognized them from the pictures Alice carried in her wallet. They were smartly dressed and standing beside the biggest, brightest, newest Cadillac I'd ever seen.

"You're Jean, aren't you?" Mrs. Fulmer called to me. She was lovely. Mr. Fulmer was nice, too. We all shook hands.

"I've been watching for you, Jean," said Mrs. Fulmer warmly. "Alice wouldn't let us wait inside. I guess she didn't want us around when she said good-bye. She's written us all about you, Jean. Dad and I want you to know how happy we have been that you and Alice were such congenial roommates."

"Thank you," I said quietly.

Mr. Fulmer gave me a big smile. "I hope you two will be rooming together next summer."

"I hope so, too," I mumbled, trying to muster a smile. Alice had never given me the slightest indication her parents were wealthy and the discovery was a shock.

"Good-bye, dear," called Mrs. Fulmer. "Tell Alice to hurry."

My feet were heavy as I walked up the path to our cabin. Alice was from a wealthy family! She hadn't needed the salary we earned. Her careful saving must have been just an act. And then, suddenly, I thought: So what! She's a wonderful girl. You couldn't hold her family's money against her. Suddenly I felt lighthearted all over again as I walked into the cabin.

Alice looked up from the suitcase she was closing.

"Gee, Jean," she said softly. "It's been wonderful. I hate to leave . . ."

"Here!" I said gruffly, and I thrust the package into her hands.

"Oh, Jean, you shouldn't have."

"It's nothing," I mumbled. "Let me help you carry out your bags?"

Alice shook her head. "Don't come to the car with me, Jean. I want to say good-bye here . . ."

Now Alice was gone; I picked up the box from the dresser, held it to my ear. There was no sound but I was sure I knew what it was, and my heart was heavy. Anger welled up inside me again. After all, what was eighty or a hundred dollars to Alice? But I had admired her so much for what I thought was her tact and sensitive understanding; I had thought she loved me too much, knew me too well, to embarrass me, hurt my pride by presenting me with an expensive gift I had no way of reciprocating. Well, I would just send it right back to her. I was angry.

I tore off the ribbons and paper. It was from the curio shop just as I knew it would be. With trembling fingers I opened the box—stared.

Inside was a square blue-stone ring, with adjustable band, labeled "Friendship." I was sick with shame. I wasn't worthy of Alice's friendship. But my heart was singing, too, because Alice had been given back to me again and I could look forward eagerly to next summer.

THE END



*It was just as Alice said.
It was work, but it was fun.*





Summer Jobs Wanted!

**Teen-agers turn up scores
of money-making opportunities
for the vacation months**

by ETHEL PERKINS

Drawings by Seymour Nydorf
Westinghouse photo

YES I'D LIKE A SUMMER JOB!" you say. "It would be such fun to have some money of my own—and feel that I was earning it. Dad's had a lot of expense this spring, and now, everytime I ask for anything, he starts to frown. 'At your age,' he begins, and then stops. I know what he means—he was earning money at my age. I'd like to earn some, too! But—*how?*—*where?*—*and what do I do?*"

Let's think that over. As a matter of fact, job hunting doesn't really begin with how, where, and what—but with *who*? In this case, the who is you, so that's where we'll start. Just sit down and think over carefully what sort of person you are, your tastes and hobbies, the things you enjoy most, your health and your energy.

Don't take on more than you can do. And don't think you have to work *all* summer. A little fun is good for you at your age. So don't pass up a trip with the family. Don't tie yourself to the city all summer long and go back to school tired out, if you can manage a good vacation before fall. Before you take a job, think how much you will gain by it and how much you will lose.

Your summer job may be working for others, or you may be "self-employed." For instance, Flo Williams loves to dance. Last summer she turned her basement recreation room into a dance studio, and signed up a class of twelve at fifty cents an hour each. Pretty soon she had several classes going, including one made up of younger children from the neighborhood to whom she taught tap dancing. It was all such fun that when fall came she decided to have one class on Monday nights right through the year.

Maybe you're not that good at dancing, but you do have a special love for small children. Cathy Jones is a girl like that.

She's done a lot of baby-sitting. Last summer one of the families that got to know her well asked her to come with them for the summer to help with their four-year-old twins and six-year-old daughter. They had a cottage at the seashore, and she was treated like a member of the family, though of course she lent a hand with dishes and cleaning up and whatever there was to be done. Every day, they prepared a basket lunch and all went to the beach for the afternoon. "And the best thing about it," Cathy says, "is that I was paid well!" She hopes to go again this year.

Your first step, then, is to survey yourself long and hard—to decide what kind of work you like to do, and what kind of work you want to do. Your next is to study your neighborhood, town, or rural setting, to discover all the possible jobs—working for others or self-employment—that may be available.

Before you go further, there are two things you must realize. First, you will have to give honest work or worth-while goods if you want people to go on using you for pay. Second, if you accept work for wages, you can't expect to earn as much as an adult. But don't cheat yourself either. Don't accept work at a price below the standard for a teen-ager. And you shouldn't be resentful if you are regarded as inexperienced—even if you feel that what you do is excellent.

When you have listed all the ideas you can develop for summer jobs the people of your community might be interested in having done, and done perhaps by you, you're almost ready to begin rounding one up. But not quite! If you're thinking of a job for wages, you'll need working papers. Your teacher or school counselor can advise you on this or, when school is closed, you can get help from your local employment service or the Labor Department at your State capital. State and Federal laws protect young workers against unsafe and unsuitable work. Hours of work are more carefully supervised than for adults, but vacation work permits are usually issued to minors—fourteen and over—for local jobs where conditions are approved.

With your plans in order, remember it pays to advertise! Tell the people at school, at church, at the Y, the Rotary, Kiwanis—they may let you place a note on their bulletin board. If you can afford it, you might put a small ad in your local paper. And don't neglect to talk things over with your girl friends.

One such conversation about summer jobs got a group of girls started on a project that turned out handsomely. They had all done baby-sitting. They decided to organize a baby-sitting bureau for the summer, with the central office at the president's home. They typed up notices and spread them as widely as possible to families they knew well and that might be their clients. On Monday of each week each baby sitter reported to the president which days she would be free to work, and this was carefully recorded in a notebook. Par-

ents were asked to phone the president, who could tell them at once the name of the girl she could send. That saved a lot of phoning around each time Mama and Dad wanted to go out. The bureau was popular and did a big business all summer long.

A word of advice about baby-sitting: never go to an employer you don't know or who is not highly recommended by someone you do know. If the family is new to you, ask for references.

Many teen-agers show great ingenuity in creating their own jobs. Of course these vary greatly from city to countryside.

The town girl can often get herself summer employment in the local department store substituting for vacationers. Moving about from job to job within the store is more fun, often, than being in one spot for a long period—and if she is interested in a career later in the mercantile field she'll have a chance to look it over.

A job at an inn to which vacationers come in summer can be exciting, too. As a teen-ager, you'll find the guests friendly, whether you're washing dishes and peeling potatoes, or waiting on tables in the dining room. Besides, it's a job that can be pursued for many summers, while you go on from high school to college. Many college boys and girls have earned part of their expenses by working at summer hotels.

Their associates are often young people who are congenial because they are there with the same purpose in mind.

We've talked about baby-sitting—but don't overlook the elderly people who sometimes employ teen-agers to assist them in their homes. If you're the quiet type, a summer of this may appeal to you. They may ask you to do cleaning and dusting, simple cooking, and a little work on the lawn and the flowers.

Farm communities always have plenty of seasonal jobs for teen-age girls: picking berries, cherries, and other fruit; harvesting peas and beans. It's healthy outdoor work for young people who have been in school all year.

One enterprising girl who loved to wield a paintbrush got herself a white-washing outfit and went out looking for customers who wanted their poultry houses and fences whitewashed. Another got a cheap hand press for juicing fruit. She went around buying windfall apples for as little as ten cents a bushel, crushed them in the press, and sold the cider.

A little wayside stand on a well-traveled road not too close to town is a good idea for making money in the summertime. If you're the country girl with a nature study background or a love of gardening this may appeal to you. For instance, there are dandelion greens which many prefer to spinach. In the spring you can gather wild greens "for free," and either sell them yourself week ends, or take them to a co-operative stand and sell them on a commission basis. Not all those who stop at the stands know (Continued on page 52)



Like painting?—Try fences, chicken coops!



Good poise?—Why not balance a food tray?



Garden gal?—You can sell greens and jam!

by GLYNNE

This picture by Neil Smellow, a teen-ager from Philadelphia, won Grand Prize in the 1953 National High School Photographic Awards



Your Own Two Feet!

Summer reveals whether your feet have the supple strength and loveliness to fit the total pattern of your beauty

IF CINDERELLA WERE TO COME TO LIFE, she'd be in for a shock. Early it would become apparent that today's Prince Charmings don't care a bean whether or not the feet of their chosen ones can—or cannot—fit into diminutive slippers! She might even overhear a remark about herself: "Ravishing—but aren't her feet awfully small?" Poor Cinders! Better leave her in the land-of-legends where a pumpkin can turn into a coach and a young lady's beauty is measured in inverse proportion to the size of her foot!

Nowadays the length and breadth measurements do not in any way affect the foot's intrinsic beauty. Small and large feet alike can be a graceful attribute—bare or elegantly shod. A pretty foot—1954-style—is mainly one "that-does-not-have." It does not have toes that curl. Nor does it have ugly corns, blisters, or bunions. And it emphatically does not have calluses or purplish ridges on the surface of the foot caused by too-tight shoes. A pretty foot has a positive side too. It has health, strength, and an important quality called suppleness. Give a little thought and care to your feet, and yours will compare with those of the water nymph in the picture.

The fate of your foot lies in the fit of your shoe. Never buy a shoe, no matter how super-duper it may look, unless it *feels* just as super-duper. At times this is a hard rule to follow. Take Jane, who's been searching madly for weeks for evening slippers to go with her new formal. At last she has found them. The salesman has deposited a pair of delicately carved, slim-heeled dreams near her seat. "The only ones we have left and just your size."

"Aaaah," breathes Jane delightedly, tracing the star pattern studded with rhinestones on the suede tops. She tries one on. The "Aaaah" changes into a shocked, "Ooooh!" as she pushes and presses and squeezes. Her foot in, finally, she hobble over to the nearest mirror. The "Aaaah!" goes up again. The slipper is perfect. From the side view it is positively queenly. Jane admits to herself that these "dream slippers" do pinch a bit, but, as the salesman takes her money, comforts herself with the thought that for two or three short hours while she's dancing, she can bear the pinch.

Jane didn't see the light until later. It is nothing short of agony wearing shoes to a dance that allow your feet freedom for nothing more vigorous than a canasta game.

Of course, most people do not buy too-tight shoes knowingly. But perhaps if the detrimental effects of poorly fitting shoes were realized, shoe shoppers would be a little more cautious. For shoes that cramp are inhibitors of the normal spreading action of the foot so that pressure is brought to bear at unnatural points. This in turn produces bunions. Then, too, squeezed flesh restricts circulation, encourages calluses, and pinched toes simply invite corns. Worse yet, over a prolonged period a too-tight shoe causes a loss of mobility in the ankle and knee joints which results in pain and stiffness—rather like arthritis.

The first canon of a shoe shopper should be, "Try them before you buy them!" Start off by letting a salesman measure your foot. And remember, if the shoe he brings does not seem to fit, right off the bat—don't waste time pressing your foot into it. True, it may be marked your size—but shoe sizes vary quite a bit both from company to company and for different styles. For this reason a size seven-C in one style may best be fitted by a seven-B in another. The only criterion for fit is how the shoe actually feels on your foot *while walking*.

The widest part of the foot—the region of the joints of the big and small toes—should always be at the widest part of the shoe. Watch that the shoe fits snugly through the heel, for a loosely fitted heel will run up a blister in short time. Sometimes it happens that there are styles which are simply unsuitable for certain types of feet because they don't give the foot enough support through the arch. A wide foot with a weak arch, for example, does need a strap over the instep—rather than a pump. Lastly, when buying shoes, make sure that they are long enough to let your toes slide about half an inch forward with each step.

How high is a high heel? Technically, a heel over one and a half inches high is considered to be "high." Among teen-agers there are only a few who wear high (Continued on page 52)

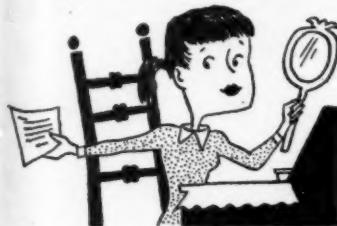
Party in Reverse

Give your guests some giant treats
with backward talk, games, and eats!

by BEATRICE FORMAN

PUT A CAR IN REVERSE and back it goes. Put a party in reverse, and it scoots along backward in the most hilarious way. Try it and see.

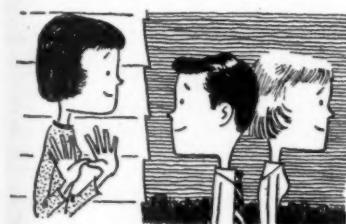
You start out by writing your invitations backward, beginning at the right side of the page. You may find it simpler to write holding your paper in front of a mirror. With a little practice it's easy to get the trick of backward writing. Your friends, of course, will have to use a mirror to read



Invitation needs a mirror

what you have written. And one of the things the invitation will tell them is that they must arrive dressed backward.

On the front door, if you live in a house, put a large sign saying: "Kindly use the back entrance." You are at the back door to greet them as they arrive, and your first words are: "Well, good-by, it was nice having you here!"



Guests come to back door

If anyone hesitates, just add: "Oh, I suppose you came back for your overshoes! Come on in!" Or some such encouragement to enter.

This greeting from the hostess, herself dressed wrong way around, will start a lot of merriment, which is sure to continue as you lead the way to the living room, where the chairs are turned back to back, and the pictures are hanging backward in their frames.

When everyone is present, you start at

once with refreshments. Table decorations carry out the "backward" idea. Place cards can be made by sticking a lollipop into a gumdrop which serves as a base, then pinning a card shaped like an arrow on each lollipop. The names of the guests are written backward on the arrows, which point toward the chairs. When all the guests have discovered their names and are seated, you explain that they're all in the wrong places. As this party is "in reverse," they should have sat down, not in the chair to which the arrow pointed, but in the chair opposite it, across the table.

When they get themselves unscrambled and reseated, you serve candies and nuts. Follow these with ice cream and cake, and end up with sandwiches. In other words, reverse whatever you have decided on for your menu.

A good idea is to start a game when the



Chairs stand back to back

first item is served. "I Spy" works well. You substitute the article for the color, and the game is to guess the color. Another game that can be reversed is "I Packed My Grandmother's Trunk." Instead of starting with A you start with Z and work backward. It adds to the fun when someone fails to remember the alphabet backward correctly. A good book of games will give you these two and



Winner gets a booby prize

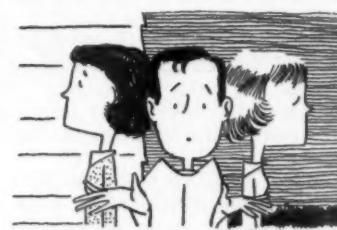
others that you can reverse with a little thought.

Don't let your guests linger at table after refreshments are finished. Now is the real game period. Before each game you hand out the prizes. Drawing names from a hat will solve this problem, and of course the one who draws the slip saying "First Prize" should be handed the booby prize—and vice versa. Give the prize unwrapped, and present the winners with



Blindman's buff reversed

wrapping paper and string. Each winner must wrap his or her parcel neatly and put her name on it. Keep all the prizes together. After the last game has been played, get everyone to vote for the best wrapped parcel. Have a special prize for



Good-by backward is hello

this—but don't mention it beforehand, or too much time will be wasted over the tying.

In choosing games that can be easily turned around, you will find the old-timers best. Blindman's buff is good. Blindfold all but one—the idea is for the blindfolded ones to try and catch the one who is not. Musical chairs can be reversed by sitting when the music is on and moving when it is quiet. Or there is the old game where you bring in a tray filled with articles, leave it a few minutes, then remove it. Then you try to (Continued on page 42)

Cargo for Jennifer

by MARJORIE VETTER

Illustration by Jack Breslow

CONCLUSION

JENNIFER WAS VERY LOVELY that evening in a new gown her grandmother had given her. The tight-fitting bodice, with its curving, off-the-shoulder neckline, was dull-gold satin. The wide skirt of gold net, spangled with sequins, flared above other layers of net, shading in autumn colors from cream through apricot to brown. But in spite of her beauty, Jennifer had never come so close to being a wallflower. Steve danced with her several times, but he had also to dance with Toni, Beba, and the other girls. Lito danced with Beba, and then left the dance floor. Jennifer had one waltz with Panchito, but later he danced with Toni, and from then on he either danced with her or stood watching while she danced with others.

Feeling conspicuous, Jennifer went to the powder room, came back to talk for a while with Aunt Rita. No one seemed to notice that she was being neglected. Finally she got up and walked out to the far corner of the balcony where it swelled into a wide circle above a small patio. She leaned against the rail, admiring the Southern Cross. The rumble of men's low-pitched voices came from one of the little tables in the courtyard below.

"You are a conceited fool, *hombre*," someone was saying in a low voice, with a strong Catalan accent, "to lose your temper and endanger your chances with the beautiful heiress."

The voice that answered was Navarro's, as gay and assured as ever.

"Do not disturb yourself, *compadre*. I do not intend to let Doña Lolita's moneybags slip through my fingers so easily."

"Then you had better do something about it quickly. Young Echevarria seems to be doing all right with the *señorita* Antonia, and I do not intend to hold your IOU's forever."

"In good time, *amigo*, in good time," soothed Navarro. "You will be paid with interest, never fear. I admit it was stupid of me to push the child out of my way, but how was I to know she was any concern of the beautiful Toni?"

"A man in your position should make it his business to know such things," said Catalan with asperity.

"All right, all right, my mistake." Jennifer could imagine Navarro's impatient frown. "But don't worry. I will lay you two to one I can set things right with the fair Toni before the end of the evening."

"If you had as much brains as you have self-confidence," Catalan said, "I wouldn't have to worry about my money."

Navarro laughed. "It is my self-confidence that wins the ladies. Did it ever occur to you, *viejo*, that there are two beautiful heiresses to the old lady's money? The *Americana* is not bad in the gold dress. She looks simple and impressionable and should be easy game for a man of my experience."

"*Vaya*, of course you have only to take your pick!" Catalan observed with heavy sarcasm. "But I warn you, you had better be quick about it. I want something more concrete than the promises of a conceited fool."

Navarro's low tones became even softer. Jennifer had to lean far over the railing to hear.

"Miguelito de Cardenas is involved with a secret society which is plotting revolution. I have found the spot where they meet on Blanquezar. I know also that at midnight tonight there is to be a special meeting. I have only to ride with my men and take them by surprise. Then when Toni and her grandmother—with all the airs and graces of the haughty de Cardenas-Calderón clan—have had time to think over the whole affair of Lito's arrest,



I shall—most delicately, you comprehend—intimate that I am in a position to save him, for a price—the hand and dowry, of course, of Antonia Beranguer de Calderón."

Jennifer heard a muffled sound, as if Catalan had slapped the captain on the back in congratulation.

"*Bueno, amigo!*" he said in a hearty whisper. "Why did you not explain all this to me in the beginning? Now that we understand each other, shall we again join the party?"

Chairs scraped on the tiles of the patio and the sound of quick footsteps came to Jennifer's ears. She was gripping the porch railing, trembling. Somehow she must save the Calderóns. There was no time to lose!

She scurried back to the ballroom, feeling as if she had been gone for hours, instead of a scant few minutes. But apparently no one had missed her. Doña Lolita was sitting at one end of the ballroom surrounded by a small group. Around them was a continual bustle of people coming up to pay their respects to the chatelaine of Central Lolita, and then making way for others. Like Queen Victoria and her court receiving the homage of the Highlanders at Balmoral, Jennifer thought with amusement. Toni was dancing with Panchito.

Jennifer stood for a moment checking the dancing couples carefully. In a small anteroom she came upon Aunt Rita and Uncle Beraldo playing canasta with a couple from Arroya Arenas.

"Where is Steve?" she demanded desperately. "I really must see him."

Aunt Rita told her that Steve had kindly offered to take Dr. Rojas, who was not feeling well, back to the Central. Lito, she



They jumped nervously at every sound in the dark street

added vaguely, had left on some business connected with the University. Jennifer thought she knew all too well what that business was. If Lito had already gone, there was no time to lose. Somebody must warn him that Navarro knew not only about the secret organization, but about the meeting and the secret meeting place.

Panchito was the only one at hand. She could trust him all right, but he was dancing with Toní. Well, there was nothing for it but to interrupt and ask to speak to him. Toní would be furious. She fished in her evening bag, finally found a few *pesetas* and a crumpled bill, and stopped a waiter who was carrying a tray of empty glasses from the cardroom.

"Can you find a pencil and some paper and bring it to me here at once?" she asked him.

"*Pues si, señorita,*" he murmured, looking a little surprised. She gave him the *pesetas* and urged, "Hurry, please hurry! Every minute counts."

He seemed startled by her vehemence. *Americanos! locos!* She imagined she could read his thoughts, but he hurried away and returned in a moment with a scratch pad and a pencil.

"Panchito," she wrote, "I must see you at once." She did not want to implicate Lito in any way, so she merely added, "I need your help. This is urgent," and signed her name.

"You see the young man dancing with *Señorita Beranguer?*" she asked the man. "Please give him this note and then bring him to me at once, here at the door to the corridor."

He probably thinks I am trying to steal Toní's beau, she thought, as the waiter, with a knowing look, hurried away. She watched him skillfully weave his way among the dancing

couples toward the spot where Toní and Panchito were dancing.

She went back to the balcony and a few seconds later she saw Panchito coming down the long corridor. She ran to him, crying, "Panchito, Panchito, we must go to Lito. He is in terrible trouble on Blanquezar. There isn't a moment to lose. Can you get a car? Can we get out a back way?"

Jennifer blessed Panchito for his dependable good sense. With no excitement, no questioning, he turned back. "Come with me," he said, and led her through the dining room to the kitchen patio. "Wait for me here," he told her. Jennifer waited, pacing impatiently back and forth across the small patio. Then he was back, motioning for her to follow him. A couple of surprised chefs looked up curiously as they crossed the kitchen.

A roadster with the top down was standing at the kitchen door. Panchito helped her into a jacket he had borrowed for her, handed her into the car, and headed toward Caimito.

"All right, Jen," he said. "Now will you please tell me what this is all about?"

By the time she had finished her tale of knowledge, suspicion, and conjecture, he was already planning their campaign. "We will drive to Caimito and leave the car," he said. "I will be able to get horses there."

Talking was not easy against the rush of air, as the powerful roadster roared ahead through the night. Jennifer's hair streamed out behind her, and she was grateful for Panchito's thoughtfulness in providing the jacket. This midnight adventure ought to change Toní's idea of good old reliable Panchito into something more daring and romantic.

Jennifer had never driven at such (Continued on page 44)



Photos by Wide World,
Paul Parker, and Maury Garber

What's Your Sports Line?

Outdoor games are the great beautifiers that work miraculous changes even in the plainest of plain Janes

by ARNOLD A. FENTON



IF I WERE A GIRL, and eager to be the one boys admire and other girls envy, I know just what I'd do. I'd pick a sport, or maybe two — anything from bowling to bicycle riding—and pursue it as if it were a course in beauty and charm. Which in fact it is! For the girl who cultivates even a modest little sports line seldom lacks pep, self-confidence, and grace.

"Aw, sports were meant for boys!" my friend Vicky said, when I first gave her that advice. Vicky was fourteen and rarely moved her right arm farther than the nearest bonbon dish. She positively hated to move, because she knew the truth—that she was clumsy, slouchy, and typed by acquaintances as "nice but dull."

But then someone did get Vicky interested in tennis and in bowling. Don't let me tell you she blossomed into an Audrey Hepburn. But she did wind up with a neat waistline and a sparkle in her eyes that was delightfully attractive.

When you choose your sports line, be sure it's *right for you*. Just as you like to pick a well-fitting suit, select the sports that fit you physically and emotionally. For instance, let's say you're the tense type. The excitement of highly competitive team sports may not be your pattern. If you get nervous, a recreation out of the spotlight, at least until you settle down, would be the wise choice: archery, golf, or any of the other individual games.

Here's one important tip. You may have your heart set on making good with

a particular gang, or getting into a certain club or social circle. So you pick out a sport because you think it will do the job for you of winning favor in that group. Your motive will be obvious to everyone, and no one will thank you for being a tag-along at field hockey or skiing or whatever it happens to be. Besides, unless you really have your heart in it, you may lay yourself open to injury in certain games. As I said, someone *interested* Vicky in tennis and bowling. She didn't just follow the leader.

Tip No. 2: don't be tempted to move your recreation out of the feminine category into the masculine. A girls' football team? And why not? someone says. One group of girls in a New England high school decided it would be a novel idea. They thought it was about time the spotlight was turned off the boys' championship team. They even imagined the boys would be impressed. So they went ahead—with pretty sad results. Not only did they play to empty bleachers; they gathered a collection of crushed egos, nasty scars, and one broken nose. When I asked one of the girls about the team a year later she scowled and said, "Let's skip it, please!"

The best sports prescription is the one that turns you out radiant, graceful, and well poised. And don't say, "Jeepers! You have to be born like that!" Girls like Barbara Ann Scott, the attractive skating star, prove that sports do develop charm.



Sports prescriptions differ—and so do the results. When you go in for swimming, tennis, badminton, golf, archery, bowling, skating, and skiing, you are participating in sports that help your balance, timing, and co-ordination. These factors are the magical three that give you poise and grace. Swimming is wonderful for your figure and co-ordination. Archery works miracles for your posture. Bowling gives you rhythm and timing; tennis perfects balance. Here are (*Continued on page 36*)

Prize
Purchase



THE AMERICAN GIRL

SHOES BY HUSKIES

Sun Silhouettes

Parts 'n' parcels of a summer wardrobe that can be varied with your own combinations. Designed with emphasis on minimum care, minimum space, and maximum flattery. Turn to page 57 for store listings



Left: Girls will be boys, or at least, tomboys! Pedal-pushers, tall, slim, and shapely in Pepperell's checkmark cotton, have side pockets and zipper closing. (Suspenders are removable.) Blue, brown, or charcoal; 9-15 teens, about \$6. Frosty-white terry top has matching collar and bib front. Small, medium, large; about \$4. Both Jantzen's

Right: The slant is in the right direction—figure flattery. Blouse has neat cap sleeves, pointed collar, closes with shiny buttons. Solid shorts are cuffed in matching stripes; soft flare stems from slim, elastic-touched waist. Brown with aqua and white, or navy with red and white Fuller's Sailstone; 10½-14½ subteen; about \$8. By Chubette

ALL SUN FASHIONS
PHOTOGRAPHED IN FLORIDA
BY RAY SOLOWINSKI
SHOES BY HUSKIES

On the opposite page:
The last word in ensembles—nicknamed "In the Bag" because that's exactly where everything goes! Halter, elastic-backed, tops pert little-boy shorts, Talon-zipped. (Note the "short" shorts—appliquéd on patch pocket.) Third item is a trim shirt with matching collar, armhole, and trim. With nary a care about creasing, all fit neatly in drawstring bag. Striped seersucker with solid red or blue Playtone accents; all about \$9. Big-wheel skirt in solid with striped "doll-skirt" trim. About \$6; sizes 8-14 subteen, by glen of michigan



Swim Stars

Yours for the basking—a trio of Neptune's favorites that add up to the prettiest shoreborne figures. Stores listed on page 57



Forecast for a summer day: fair, bright, and so right for bathing or beach-decorating. Fuller's Playtone cotton in jewel-of-the-sea 'ones (turquoise, navy, or red) with a white sprinkle. Halter and belt roped off in white; 10-16 teen. About \$9, by Teen Nymphs



Curves with an angle, a good one at that! Cotton bloomer-suit by Grand Knitting has solid torso, shirred front, elasticized back. Bloomers and bra, striped to match. Brown, navy, or aqua; 10-14 subteen. About \$5

"Piper Boy" by Surf Togs pipes a pretty tune round 'n' round bra top and leg cuffs. Faille-lastex, back-zipped, follows the curves for a slim, sculptured look. Coral, gold, violet, black, or Alice blue; 10-16 teen. About \$8

Recipe Exchange

Yes, We Have Bananas

This tropical fruit can now be enjoyed all year round, thanks to modern transportation

by JUDITH MILLER

United Fruit photos

HERE IS A STORY that when Colonial housewives first made the acquaintance of the curious yellow fruit called bananas, they boiled them! Whether or not this is true isn't really important, for today our AMERICAN GIRL cooks have learned that there are dozens of ways to serve this delicious fruit. **The story of bananas** is like a trip around the world. It is thought that Arab traders carried dried roots of the plant from Asia to Africa. From there Portuguese traders carried plants to the Canary Islands off the African coast. Missionaries brought banana plants to the islands of the Caribbean—to Central America, the West Indies, Mexico. Seafarers took them to Hawaii, where they are called *maia*. And so they made their way around the world.

Nowadays bananas are cut while green and are ripened under carefully controlled temperatures. After they are cut, pack mules—or sometimes motor trailers—take them from the plantations to the nearest railroad, which carries them to the docks where banana boats are waiting to bring them to you and me and all lovers of good food.

For health and good eating: Bananas offer special health protection because of their high content of vitamins and minerals: vitamins A, C, and B, and minerals like calcium and iron.

Green-tipped and yellow bananas may be used for broiling, baking, or sautéing. But it is when they are golden-yellow and lightly flecked with brown that they are fully ripe and the flavor most delicious. They are just right then for desserts, salads, cool drinks—and, of course, eating out of hand.

Cooking Cues: Lemon juice sprinkled over bananas helps to keep them from darkening and brings out their flavor. Pineapple, grapefruit, and orange juice may also be used.

To bake: Peel and arrange, whole or cut crosswise into halves or quarters, in a shallow baking dish. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle lightly with salt. Bake in a very hot oven (450°) 10 to 12 minutes, or until easily pierced with a fork. For a variation, sprinkle with brown sugar and a little

lemon juice, after brushing with the shortening, and bake in moderate oven (350°) until tender, basting once or twice with syrup in the dish. If you like nuts, bake the bananas with the brown sugar and a sprinkling of finely chopped or ground nuts.

To broil: Prepare as for baking. Place on broiler pan and cook 3 to 4 inches from heat about 5 minutes on each side, or until brown and tender.

To sauté: Prepare as for baking. Sauté slowly in butter or margarine until tender, turning them to brown evenly. Sprinkle lightly with salt.

For any meal—and in between: For breakfast, serve them with milk or cream; with cereal and milk. For breakfast or lunch, you will like the banana bran muffins for which we are giving the recipe. Banana waffles are delicious, too, served with butter and the cherry sauce for which you will find the recipe in the May AMERICAN GIRL. Baked, broiled, or sautéed bananas may be served as a vegetable for luncheon or dinner, or as a main dish with bacon strips and tart jelly or a fruit sauce.

Add glamour to a chocolate, butterscotch, or tapioca-cream dessert with banana lady fingers. To make these, simply flute a peeled banana by running the prongs of a fork down its lengthwise, then slice diagonally.

A recipe for Lobster Banana Curry, that is easy to make and can be varied to suit every taste, was developed in the home economics department of a large fruit company in New York City. When this was



Patient mules carry bananas from the plantations

served at a luncheon for a group of writers, editors, teachers, and others whose specialty is food and cooking, it made such a hit with these discriminating folk that we decided to give it to AMERICAN GIRL readers for their recipe collections. Chicken, pork, lamb, shrimp, or crabmeat may be used instead of the lobster if you wish.

LOBSTER BANANA CURRY

4 firm bananas	2 to 3 cups cooked
1½ tablespoons butter or	lobster meat
margarine, melted	3 cups hot cooked rice
3 cups curry sauce	(¾ cup uncooked)

Peel bananas and place in shallow baking dish. Pour half of the curry sauce over the bananas. Bake in moderate oven (375°) about 15 minutes, or until bananas are tender. Meantime, heat lobster in remaining curry. To serve, arrange a curried banana and a portion of rice on a plate and spoon some of the lobster curry over the rice. Serves 4.

Curry Sauce:

2½ cups chicken con-	½ cup flour
sommé or chicken broth	2 teaspoons curry powder
6 tablespoons butter or	1 teaspoon salt*
margarine	½ teaspoon pepper

*If concentrated chicken cubes are used, salt may be omitted.

Heat consommé or broth to boiling. Melt butter in saucépan. Stir in flour and seasonings and blend until smooth. Add hot consommé slowly and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened, about 10 minutes. Makes 3 cups.

(Continued on page 32)

Playtime Quartet



Each pattern 30¢

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 47

Drawings by Helen Ferguson

4761: This combination of a halter blouse with little round collar, trim shorts, and a wide, wrap-around skirt with big pockets is perfect for summer fun. The sizes are 10-14. In size 10, blouse takes $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" material; shorts, 1 yard; skirt, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards

9184: The skirt of this dress for sizes 11-17 has curved panels, stitched to the main part of the dress at the side seams, which can open either at the back or in front. You could make one version with panels of contrasting color. Size 13 takes $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" material

4540: A dress for summer parties that is easy to make and figure flattering is designed for sizes 11-17. It is very pretty in an Everfast cotton print, with shoulder bows that pick up a color from the print. In size 13 it requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35" fabric

4715: Here is a smart double-duty dress for sizes 10-16. A full skirt and sun-top bodice allow plenty of freedom for sports and tanning. The little capelet buttons on in a jiffy when needed. Shown here in Fuller plaid and white. Size 12 needs $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35" fabric

Here is your own department in the magazine. Send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 56 for details



I UNDERSTAND
First Poetry Award

*Can Nature speak?
I hear the trees confiding in the rushes,
The plants are talking to the gurgling brook,
The gentle breeze is speaking with the cattails,
The flowers whisper in the mossy dell.*

*Nature cannot speak?
Now I know better!
For what's the rustling of the trees and rushes?
The murmur of the balmy, summer breeze?
Surely that's the language of the earth.
Just listen!*

LINDA LEOPOLD (age 11) New Haven, Connecticut

UNBORN MENACE
First Fiction Award

I sit here on the shore and watch the waves break softly at my feet. It seems as if I have been here for an eternity. Every other wave is misty because the tears drip out of my own eyes. Me crying? I have to stop right now. But just what am I crying about, my half-drugged mind wonders. Then I remember. It all started at lunch this noon.

It started out to be a gay lunch. Dad was home from the office and for once Mom caught Billy, my kid brother, long enough to make him take time to eat. He's usually busy capturing space bandits in either our yard or the yard next door, because he belongs to the Space Police.

I was almost through with my lunch when Dad said, "We would like to tell you kids something. Your mother is going—to—well, hem..."

"What your father means is that I'm going to have a baby in six months," Mother finished.

Billy blinked, then grinned. "A baby, oh, boy! If it's a boy, we'll initiate him into the Space Police. Oh, boy!"

A baby! Oh no! But I said, "That's swell, Mom," and ran out the door. All the way to my favorite spot where I now sit I thought, a baby and I'm sixteen and Billy's eleven! They must be kidding. But I know they're not kidding.

I'm cheerleader and I can just hear the kids snicker behind my back.

"There's Pam Hunter. Her mother is going to have a baby and at her age, too. Isn't that a scream?"

I shudder inwardly and groan. Oh why did this have to happen? It would wreck my whole future. Now I'll have to help Mom more. No more parties. How can I bear it?

Suddenly an idea bursts into my head. Dad has a sister living in Riverdale, six hundred miles away. I'll go there for a year. Just long enough for the baby to be born and the gossip to quiet down.

No! I won't be a coward. I'll be brave about it. I'll walk down the street with my head held

high. Let them laugh! I don't care. But I do care.

A baby. No more peaceful nights. I'll be kept awake by a baby crying. The TV will have to be turned down. Baby's asleep, you know. Will I ever be able to stand it?

I can hear us now. "Mom, will you pin up the hem on this skirt? It's uneven."

"Not now, dear. A little later perhaps, but I'm busy giving Baby her bath."

Now, I remember. Kitty Andrew's mother had a baby a year ago. Kitty is in my class at school. She used to be my best friend. Since the baby she's been pretty busy. She doesn't seem to mind, though. No one laughed when her mother had the baby. They thought it was nice. I thought it was funny, though.

My thoughts drift on. Maybe it will look like me. Then people will say, "Why, it looks just like Pamela Jean. (Continued on page 54)



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
ELIZABETH BYRAM
(age 10)
Old Greenwich,
Connecticut



FIRST ART AWARD:
CAMILLA RAE WRIGHT (age 15)
Princeton, West Virginia

PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
CAROLYN BARSUN (age 14)
Sharpsville, Pennsylvania



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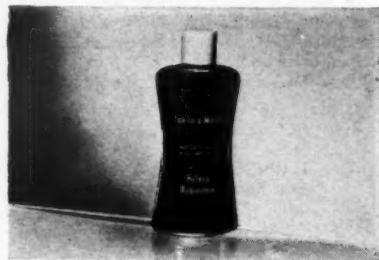
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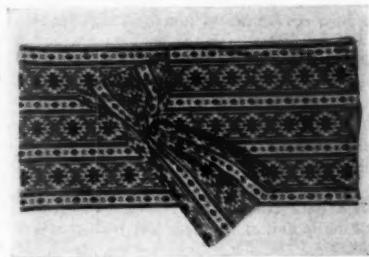
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Whether you call it dining *al fresco* or just plain picnicking, everything tastes better outdoors. Take this barbecue grill on camping trips and watch those wienies disappear. (Just as wonderful in your own back yard.) Comes with charcoal and enough fuel for two hours of cooking, \$2.95; Rudel Distributing Co., Dept. AG, 1831 N. Vine St., Los Angeles



A combination that goes to all lengths to bring you beauty and comfort. Beach sheet, 36 x 72 inches, for beach-basking and cover-up; \$3. Matching junior, 22 x 44 inches, a handy size for quick, effective dry-off; \$1. Geometric pattern inspired by Navajo handicraft. By Pacific Mills in red, gold, black, and white combination. Stern Bros., New York 18

*Please add 10% Federal tax



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You don't have to lift a hammer to make this attractive night table. All you need is an ordinary orange crate, slip this plastic cover over it and—voilà! (Two, spaced apart and glass-topped, make the prettiest vanity.) Extra space, water-repellent too, for camp needs. Red, blue, or green cover, \$1; Kalfred Arthur, Dept. AG, Box 254, Forest Hills, N. Y.



From "deep in the heart of" comes a perfect mate for your blue jeans. This Moniker Belt and Buckle Set has a tooled, natural cowhide belt and striking "silver" buckle personalized with gold-plated standout letters. (Print name choice, seven letters maximum.) Good idea for Father's Day. Sizes are 22-44; \$3.95 at B. C. Moses, Dept. AG, P.O. Box 8052, Houston

Order items directly from addresses listed. Enclose check or money order. Refund guaranteed on all nonpersonalized items returned within seven days.

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Blue Bonnet Lass (Continued from page 11)

commander to wait a while—or do *something*!

But when Grisell stepped into the drawing room her heart sank. It was filled with people sitting around like mourners. From upstairs came a sound of weeping, but in here there was only deathly silence. No one moved, except to lift a handkerchief to a red eye. Grisell fought against a paralysis of fear that froze her.

"Why are you all just sitting here?" Her voice had a quiver in it that she could not control. "Can't someone do something—go to the commander—ask for a delay?"

The silence deepened. Finally a cousin, a man about thirty, replied, "Alas, Grisell, the commander will receive none of us. As soon as the warrant arrives your father will be executed. We can do nothing but wait the event."

An elderly aunt quavered, "Go to your mother, lass, and comfort her. She is sore afflicted. We fear for her life and reason."

Grisell turned and climbed slowly up the narrow steep stairs. At the closed door of her mother's room, another elderly aunt met her with upraised finger. "Not now. She has just taken a sleeping draught."

"Then I'll go to my own room. I won't be down for supper."

The thought of facing all those doleful relatives again was more than Grisell could bear. Once in her room, with her door shut, she flung off her plumed riding hat, dropped to her knees by her casement window, and buried her face in her hands.

Never in her whole seventeen years had she felt so desperate. Nothing could ever be worse than this . . . to sit by helplessly waiting for unjust death to take the one she loved most in the world. It was the absolute depth that a heart could touch; it was the bottom of the abyss. Grisell remained sunk in despair for some time, her eyes closed and tearless. Then, slowly seeping into her from some unknown source, came a little strength and hope. She lifted her head and looked out the window. Surely . . . somehow . . . there must be a way.

Over the peaked and gabled roofs of the city she could glimpse a bit of rolling green country to the south. In her mind she saw the solitary horseman who was even this second posting along the great highway from London bearing the royal mailbags behind his saddle. She saw him coming closer and closer to the city gates.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet, fists clenched. A brilliant idea had just flashed into her mind! It was daring . . . risky . . . dangerous! But it might succeed, if she were cool and determined enough. She dared not mention it to anyone for fear she would be stopped. She ran on tiptoe through the house—up to the garret and into the storerooms.

Back in her own room, she took off her dress and put on a boy's costume. She bound her long chestnut hair tightly with a dark scarf and pulled a man's felt tam-o'-shanter down over it. She stuffed another scarf in her jacket pocket to use at the crucial moment. Last she fastened a belt around her waist, with a dagger and pistol attached. Shivering, she hoped she wouldn't have to use them!

While everyone was at supper, she stole to the stable and saddled a black horse, ignoring Comet's wistful whinny. A white mare would be too conspicuous for her this night!

She got away safely, rode swiftly toward the Netherbow Gate and out of the city. She pushed her horse as fast as she could. There

were only a few countryfolk on the road, returning home from market on foot or on donkeys. They looked in mild curiosity at the speeding horseman.

Grisell had her destination clearly in mind, a certain spot where the road curved through a lonely woods. There was a cliff there, admirably suited for her plan. When she reached the place, she tied her horse in a copse, climbed the cliff, and hid herself just above the road. She tied the scarf from her pocket over her face. She was ready!

Sometime during the night the royal mail carrier would ride past . . . and then! Grisell gripped her pistol.

The waiting was nerve-wracking. She crouched there for what seemed hours. Once a small band of pious people went by singing forbidden psalms, and once a nobleman's carriage jounced over the rough road, but that was all. It must be midnight, or later, she thought in sudden discouragement. Could the mail carrier have taken some unknown short cut? She could only wait . . . and wait.

Finally, far away, she caught the sound of horse's hoofs approaching. Nervously she felt to see if the dagger was still in its place, and took a firmer hold of her pistol. Her mouth was dry. Her heart pounded fast. She could see hardly at all in that gloomy spot, light though the summer night was in the open. But she could hear the clop-clop coming steadily toward her. The person who was coming had been riding for a long time. She could tell that his horse was tired. Nearer he came, nearer.

Peering down, Grisell spied the mailbags bouncing against the side of the horse. The rider was slumped forward, reins held slackly. This was the man, and he was passing exactly below. It was time to act!

With a screech wilder than a Highlander's, Grisell shoved at the loose rocks and leaped. The horse reared. The rider pulled frantically on the reins.

"Dismount! Lie down in the ditch!" Grisell shouted her command in a voice as gruff as she could manage and pointed her pistol, hoping her victim would not notice how it trembled in her hand.

Terrorized, the carrier obeyed. Grisell grabbed his horse's bridle, jerking with all her might to bring the animal to a standstill.

"On your face, carle!" she ordered fiercely in her deep voice. He huddled on the ground, while she snatched off the saddlebags. She gave the horse a slap on the flank and it bolted, reins trailing.

Grisell ran to her own horse nearby, flung the bags over his back, unloosed him, and jumped on. She dashed away, riding rapidly for several miles, then turned into a side road into a woods. When she came to a clearing, she dismounted and went through the contents of the mailbags.

As she feverishly pawed over them in the gray light of the northern night, her heart sank. There seemed to be nothing but ordinary mail in either bag. What if the warrant had not been sent by this post? But, at last, in the bottom of the second bag she found a packet carefully wrapped in silk, and undoing it, saw a sheaf of papers with the royal seal on each. Her heart almost stopped beating as she examined them.

One paper was a message to the Privy Council about a new law against sheltering rebels. Another was to the Royal Advocate concerning more severity at trials. Another . . . ah, here it was!

Amazing New Kind of Greeting Cards



...and Each Holds a Heart-Warming Greeting!

...SO IT'S NO WONDER "DEBS"



Make Good Money

without taking a job or putting in regular hours
...AND WITHOUT EXPERIENCE. Why not try it yourself?

WHEN you show cards as new and unusual as these—you'll find it easy to make good money all year 'round!

Just let your friends, neighbors, and relatives SEE these lovely Doehla Christmas and All Occasion box assortments. Watch them marvel at the richly beautiful designs, the warm glowing colors; the exciting new features ... magic surprises that POP UP ... GLISTEN AND SPARKLE ... EVEN CONTAIN VALUABLE GIFTS.

Your Friends Get a Bargain

Everybody these days buys greeting cards the year 'round. By ordering these assortments from YOU, your friends save themselves the bother of shopping. They get fine cards for even less than ordinary cards cost in the stores. They're sure of always having the right card on hand to cheer a sick friend or "remember" a birthday, anniversary, etc.

You Make Money

Your friends will thank you for "letting them in" on these won-

derful bargains. And YOU make as much as 55¢ on each box ordered. Soon you have \$50 or more to spend as you like. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Our free book shows how anyone, young or old, can make money quickly this easy way.

FREE SAMPLES

Yours to Keep

Mail the Free-Trial Coupon below—NOW. We will send you everything you need to begin making money right away. Gorgeous sample assortments on approval. Full details about excellent profits. Also, Free full-color catalog and free samples of exciting new "Name-Imprinted" Christmas Cards which you may keep. Don't miss this chance to

make new friends and pick up a lot of extra spending money. Mail coupon now!

H A R R Y
DOEHLA CO.,
Studio A-46,
Nashua, N. H.
(Or, if you live
west of the Rockies—
mail coupon
to Palo Alto,
Calif.)

Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio A-46,
(If you live East of Rockies,
address Nashua Office)

(Palo Alto, Calif.)
(Nashua, N. H.)

Please rush—for FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval and money-making plan. Free samples of smart "Name Imprinted" Christmas Cards, and FREE BOOK of easy ways for anyone to make money.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ (Please state Zone No. if any)



Gorgeous Super Crest Gift Wrapping—Matching Seals and Gift Folders



New Ideas in "Personalized" and Decorated Stationery, Correspondence Cards, etc.



Puff and Puff All Occasion Assortment

IF YOUR CHURCH or club wants a quick easy way to raise funds—write for our valuable guide for groups, with sample kit, on approval. Give your name; name, address of organization, name of person in charge of fund-raising.

Home-Canning Highlights

by Lucina Ball

THERE'S REAL CASH SAVING ON HOME-CANNED FOODS—real down-home goodness, too! It costs only 3¢ a quart for jar, lid, and heat (based on average jar-life of 8 years!) So while berries, peas, green beans are at their luscious best, put up plenty! To keep that wonderful flavor SAFE—



Be Sure ALL Ways!



Let Ball Dome Lids protect those foods your folks enjoy so! Cream-smooth enamel lining guards food against corrosive contact. Firm red rubber assures positive seal. And one good look tells you—Dome down, jar sealed!

assures positive seal. And one good look tells you—Dome down, jar sealed!

RECIPE

for Perfect Rhubarb

1-inch rhubarb pieces, unpeeled $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup sugar per quart of rhubarb
Mix sugar and rhubarb well. Let stand 3 to 4 hours, then heat slowly to boiling. Boil 3 minutes and pack hot into hot Ball Jars. Process 10 minutes in boiling-water bath.

RECIPE

for Perfect Seal

Ball Mason Jars—free from nicks Dome Lid Bands—free from rust
New Ball Dome Lids

After filling jar, wipe top clean. Center Dome Lid carefully on jar top. Screw band down firmly—do not use force. Don't tighten after processing. Result: a perfect seal, every time!

Home-Canning Handbook

New Ball Blue Book—covering all approved home-canning and freezing processes—gives you over 300 recipes including pickles, relishes, fruits, and vegetables, home canned as YOU prefer 'em! Step-by-step methods, exact timetables too! Send 25¢ in coin to:

BALL BLUE BOOK, Dept. AG64, Muncie, Indiana



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CONFIDENCE
...CAN WITH

Ball

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"To the Commandant of the Royal Castle at Edinburgh: This be your warrant to behead immediately upon receipt of this commission one Sir John Cochran, of Ochiltree—late associated with the rebel invasion..."

Grisell needed to read no more. She folded the paper, stuck it in her shirt pocket, and buttoned her coat over it. Leaving the mail-bags and letters scattered where they were, she remounted, and dashed toward home.

The house was quiet—everyone in bed. She stole soundlessly up to her room, locked herself in, made a fire in her grate, and burned the warrant. When the last bit had turned to ash, she drew a long, deep breath.

Her father was safe!

Completely exhausted, she dropped into bed, but she could not sleep. She went over and over the night's events, until she heard the town watch march past with drum, fife, and bagpipe, proclaiming it was time to start the day's work.

She leaned on her window sill a few minutes before she went down to breakfast. What she had done was a deed best locked in her

own heart for the time being, she decided. There would be a great hue and cry when it was known that the Royal Post had been held up by a highwayman. It was better to be still and not add more worries to those her family already had.

As she crouched there the morning sun suddenly shone through the smoke and fog, touching with gold the spire of the cathedral, like a beam of hope. Grisell's tired eyes glowed, and her heart lifted. She knew, unshakably, that her grandfather would succeed and that her father would live.

Her hope was not disappointed. The king, already regretting his rash warrant, listened to the earl, and realized that he had more to gain in acquiring the earl's wealth than his son's head. The Earl of Dundonald returned from his successful mission and in a few weeks Sir John and his son were released.

No one suspected the secret part Grisell had played until years later when James had been deposed and William and Mary had restored Scotland's liberties. Then she told the story of her heroic deed which had saved her father's life.

THE END

Yes, We Have Bananas (Continued from page 25)

This recipe comes from Shirley Groh of Valrico, Florida, who writes: "I have given this recipe to several of my girl friends who say the same thing I did when I first tasted it, 'It's wonderful!'"

BANANA BRAZILIAN

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 tablespoon butter or
1 cup dark corn syrup	margarine, melted
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 cup Brazil nuts, finely
1 tablespoon flour	shredded
2 eggs	3 large ripe bananas
1 teaspoon vanilla	1 unbaked 9" pastry shell

Beat together sugar, syrup, salt, flour, and eggs. Add vanilla, shortening, and three fourths of the shredded nuts. Slice bananas into pastry shell and pour nut mixture over them. Sprinkle remaining nuts over top. Bake in a slow oven (300°) 1 hour, or until filling is just set—avoid overbaking. Cool. Serve plain, or with ice cream or whipped cream.

Judith Kleiber of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sends a recipe for a delicately green jellied salad that is wonderful for a summer meal.

MAIA HAWAIIAN SALAD

1 cup frozen or canned pineapple juice.	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 package lime-flavored gelatin	3 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped
	1 cup mashed ripe bananas
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts

Heat pineapple juice and pour over gelatin, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in lemon juice and salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat with rotary beater or electric mixer until thick and fluffy like whipped cream. Add remaining ingredients, except nuts, and beat until well blended. Fold in nuts. Pour into 1-quart mold and chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens and garnish with wedges of fresh or canned pineapple, grapes, and fluted banana slices.

The recipe for these brownie-like fudge bars comes from Sharen Willie of Manhasset, New York. The banana helps to keep them fresh and moist.

BANANA FUDGE BARS

2 squares unsweetened chocolate	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted flour	2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 cup mashed bananas (2 or 3 bananas)
	1 cup chopped nuts
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Combine chocolate and butter and melt over hot water. Combine flour, baking powder, and salt and sift together. Add sugar gradually to eggs, beating thoroughly. Add chocolate mixture and bananas and blend. Stir in flour and mix well. Stir in nuts and vanilla. Pour into greased 8" x 8" x 2" pan and bake in moderate oven (350°) 25 minutes. Do not overcook. While warm, cut into 12 bars. Remove bars from pan and cool on cake rack.

Ruth Blank of Frostburg, Maryland, writes that the first time she served these muffins her father said they were the best he had ever tasted. She likes them especially because they are so easy to make.

BANANA BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour	2 tablespoons sour milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda	or buttermilk
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 cup bran
1 egg, well-beaten	2 cups thinly sliced, ripe bananas

Combine flour, soda, salt, and sugar and sift into mixing bowl. Add bran and mix well. Combine egg, milk, butter, and bananas. Add to first mixture, stirring just enough to moisten all the flour. Bake in well-greased muffin tins in moderate oven (375°) 35 to 40 minutes. Makes 8 large or 16 small muffins.

From Worcester, Massachusetts, Doreen Finlayson has sent a recipe for an easy-to-make ice cream. You will like the contrast of creamy smoothness with the crisp nut crunch.

BANANA CRUNCH ICE CREAM

1 cup mashed ripe bananas	2 egg whites
2 teaspoons lemon juice	2 egg yolks, well beaten
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 cup cream, whipped
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely crushed almond crunch or peanut brittle

Mix bananas and lemon juice. Add sugar, salt, and milk. Stir until blended. Beat egg whites stiff. Add banana mixture, egg yolks, cream, and vanilla. Turn into freezing trays of automatic refrigerator. Freeze at coldest setting, stirring every 30 minutes, until mixture begins to hold its shape. Add nuts and blend well. Freeze until firm. Makes about 8 servings.

Here is a quickie recipe for cookouts, back-yard suppers, picnics—wherever good eating goes hand-in-hand with informality. Allow at least one banana for each person.

BANANA BOBS

Short, plump bananas

Bacon

Peel bananas and insert a long stick in each banana lengthwise. Wrap a slice of bacon around the banana end to end and secure with toothpicks or twigs. Cook over hot coals until bacon is crisp. Eat while hot.

From Beverly Holmes of Wilmington, Delaware, we have a recipe for a drink that is tart and tingling, smooth and satisfying. Delicious for afternoon or evening snacks.

CRANBERRY FRAPPE

1 fully ripe banana 1 cup cold cranberry-juice cocktail

1 scoop vanilla ice cream Slice banana very thin. Beat in a bowl with rotary beater or electric mixer until smooth and creamy. Add cranberry juice and ice cream and blend well. Serve very cold. Makes 1 large or 2 medium-size drinks.

Cranberry-Juice Cocktail:

You can buy this already mixed or, when you have fresh cranberries, make your own this way:

2 cups cranberries 1/2 cup sugar
3 cups water 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Cook cranberries in water about 5 minutes, or until skins pop open. Strain through cheesecloth. Boil juice and sugar 2 minutes, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add lemon juice and chill.

THE END

SPEAKING OF APPLES

What is your favorite way of serving them?

The October Recipe Exchange will feature this delicious, plentiful fall fruit, and we will pay \$1 for each recipe contributed by a reader which is printed in the magazine.

If you have a different or unusual recipe which uses apples—a main dish, salad, dessert, or something entirely new—test it, write it out and check it carefully, and send it in for the October issue. If your recipe is printed you will receive a check for \$1. See the rules listed below for details.

October Recipe Exchange

Subject: Apples Date Due: June 18, 1954

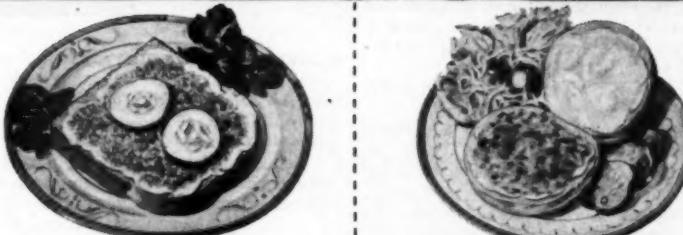
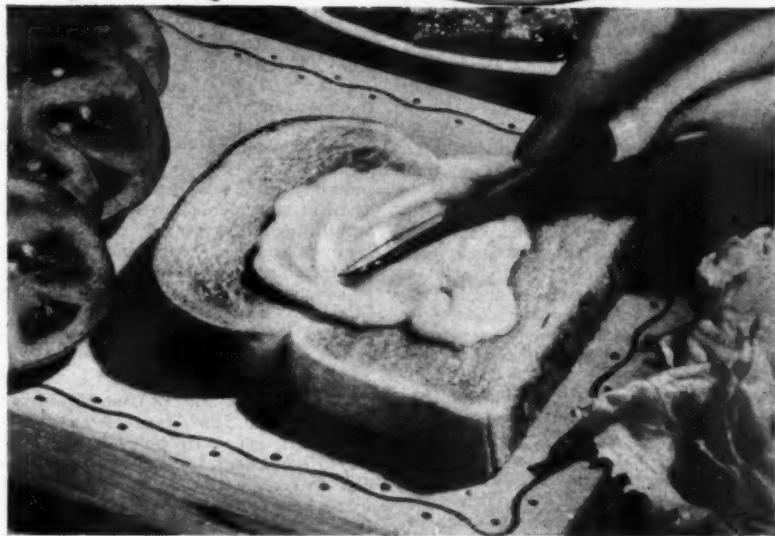
Each month we will announce in the magazine the kind of cookery for which we wish recipes. The recipe you send in MUST be one that you have used successfully. For every recipe printed in the magazine, THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

We should also like to receive letters telling how and why you have found your recipe especially helpful or valuable.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Recipe and letters must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink.
2. Recipes and letters must be on separate sheets. Recipes must be written on one side of paper only.
3. In the upper right-hand corner of the recipe sheet, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
4. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
5. All recipes submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
6. Address all entries to Cooking Editor, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

THE AMERICAN GIRL



LOW CALORIE "QUICKIE"

Spread your bread with the smoother whole egg mayonnaise. So fresh! So creamy-rich, so wonderfully mild it always brings taste to the peak of enjoyment!

... Grated carrot, touch of baby onion, thin cucumber slices on one slice of protein bread.



SUPER SUPPER

Lavish luscious whole egg mayonnaise on your rolls... and watch the family beam! So fresh! So much tastier... a meal in itself.

... Chopped ham, chopped Fanning's Bread-and-Butter pickles, mixed generously with whole egg mayonnaise. (Cole slaw made with Hellmann's or Best Foods on the side.)



Best Foods® (or Hellmann's®) Real Mayonnaise is made with freshly broken whole eggs, "Fresh-Press" Salad Oil, choice vinegar, spices, added egg yolks.



A Penny For Your Thoughts



PYMBLE, N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA: I have just recently received some *AMERICAN GIRL* magazines, and I simply adore the fashions that are in the books and I have lent the books to my friends living in the out-back, where they don't see many fashions, and they have copied the patterns and made their dresses and they all look just "smashing" in them.

I love sports, especially swimming, tennis, and baseball; I watch matches every Saturday afternoon. I collect stamps, and am a keen photographer.

I go to Hornsby Secondary Home Science school and am in third year; our school is set in bush surroundings and several times many bush fires have swept up.

I have a cat called "Bunny" and five goldfishes. I did have some pet rabbits and possums but they have just died recently.

My home town is located twenty-five miles north of Sydney and is set in bush surroundings. We have a sport oval and a huge creek that runs through the back of our house. We have a wonderful sanctuary for birds, animals, and flora. We often see big bush fires with big eighteen-mile frontage, but our country is truly a lovely country: "super" surf, kangaroos, and lots of fun.

SHIRLEY HICKEY (age 15)

SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA: I am a yeoman (secretary) of a Mariner troop. There are twelve girls in our troop. We love being Mariners, and we think it is the most interesting branch of Girl Scouts. I started as a Brownie ten years ago, then went to Girl Scouts (Tenderfoot, Intermediate, and Senior) and now I'm a Mariner. You don't mention Mariners much in your magazine. We share a boat with the Sea Scouts and go on cruises to Catalina. Next month we are going to the Mariner Gam and we're very excited.

NANCY SPRINGFIELD (age 16)

TORONTO, CANADA: I have only been getting your wonderful magazine for four months, but I have not yet seen a letter from Canada.

I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* very much, but I think I enjoyed *Stars on Ice* the most of any of your articles. I think *Cargo for Jennifer* is terrific; the only thing I don't like is having to wait for the next part.

My two hobbies are figure skating and reading; so you can be sure that I read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* from cover to cover.

Like Peggy Marsh from Shepton Mallet, England, I think that a comic strip would brighten up your magazine.

Your March issue was best ever. I loved *Eldest Daughter* and *What's the Answer?* The jokes were especially funny, too.

How about some more articles on hairdos and hair care? Thanks for a terrific magazine.

JANET CARNEGIE (age 12)

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE: While reading the April 1954 issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I was horrified to find this statement in one of the letters in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*: "I think you should eliminate the *By You*." Oh, please, please, PLEASE don't, because I love writing for it although I haven't had anything published yet. I love reading it, too.

All of your stories are SUPER and DELUXE and this month I especially enjoyed "To Balance the Scale . . ." I love all the articles and features, but please have an article on how to be popular with boys. "No Complaints" and "Congrats" on a super-duper magazine.

DIANE McCULLOUGH (age 13)

OKAYAMA CITY, JAPAN: What a wonderful magazine *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is! This is my first impression. I am a Japanese girl of seventeen years, and I am going to the Seishin Girls High School. I was very happy to know *THE AMERICAN GIRL* through my classmates. I wish I could be able to read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* forever.

MOTOE IKEDA (age 17)

CLEVELAND, OHIO: I got my first *AMERICAN GIRL* today. I can see I'm going to love it! I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* because so many different people have a chance to express their ideas. I like *By You*, too.

Thank you for a wonderful magazine. I'm sure it will help me immensely in what seems the rather confused business of growing up!

CLEO McNELLY (age 11)

WAILUKU, HAWAII: I have enjoyed your wonderful stories and by doing so I have studied different characters. They have also helped me curb some of my habits.

Since my hobby is collecting fashions I have spent many hours looking at the wonderful ones in your magazine. I hope to become a dressmaker someday so I enjoy looking at them. I copy some of them, but some I use as a guide in making my own styles. I wish to say that March's cover made a terrific hit with me. So did those wonderful fashions.

JUDY DECOSTA (age 13)

LONDON, ENGLAND: Having read our very first copy of your magazine we thoroughly enjoyed it. The fashion and beauty hints were of particular interest to us. Our friends agree that it is the most enjoyable magazine they have ever read. We sincerely hope it will continue to be published, and we look forward to the next issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

DOREEN FAUN (age 15)
BETTY FAULKNER (age 15)

CARBONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA: Your magazine is tops with me. My girl friends all get it, too. I thought *Birthday in Teheran* was wonderful since we are studying about it in geography. *Hands Up!* was cute, too. I never used to bother with my nails until I read this article. *By You* is one of my favorites. I am one of the patrol leaders of our troop. We are working on the Writer badge.

I think you should have a few articles on how to plan outdoor parties. I adore the *Recipe Exchange*, although I haven't much time to cook. Why don't you have some recipes for cookies? I look forward to every issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

JOAN CERRA (age 12)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: The story "To Balance the Scale . . ." was quite funny. *Out of a Bandbox* and *Let's Talk Together* were very helpful, especially the latter. The spring dresses were adorable, but the *Jokes* section was not so good.

JUDITH MESIBOV (age 14)

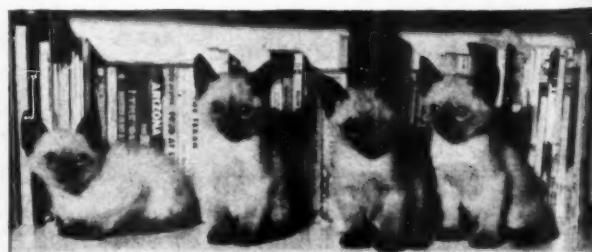
VEBLEN, SOUTH DAKOTA: Although we are boys we read and enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

DEAN MEDHAUG (age 13)
JAMES ANDERSON (age 13)

BILLINGS, MONTANA: Thank you for the wonderful story *There's Fur in Our Family*. The very day I received and read your article, my Siamese cat, Sheba, had four kittens. This was her third batch and each time they just take over our house. I hope you have more articles on cats. I also liked the story *Eldest Daughter* for I am the oldest in our family.

ANN PIPPIN (age 13)

Sheba's new family



JUNE, 1954

NEWMARKET, ENGLAND: We must write and say how very much we enjoy your wonderful magazine. It was a Christmas present from our pen pals, Jeanin and Sherry Hayes in Wichita, Kansas, and they could not have thought of anything better. We love all the stories and the many other wonderful things it has. The only disappointment is that we can't buy any of the lovely clothes.

JOYCE PAPWORTH (age 14)
BRENDA PAPWORTH (age 12)

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: *Out of a Bandbox* is just tops! Your cover for April is just darling, and so are the girls!!

PAM OLIVER (age 13)

DÜSSELDORF-ELLER, GERMANY: My pen pal sent me your magazine. I find **THE AMERICAN GIRL** wonderful! Congratulations on your November cover. I am sorry that I sometimes cannot read all the stories in your magazine. I am very interested in the dresses they wear in America. I thank you and my pen friend very much for this good magazine.

WILMA BECKER (age 15)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: "To Balance the Scale . . ." and *Cheaters Cheated* were excellent stories. *There's Fur in Our Family* was very cute. I enjoy animal stories, and I hope you will have more of them. *Cargo for Jennifer* is very good, and I am eagerly awaiting my next issue.

Your fashions are just beautiful but a little expensive. I am in Girl Scout Troop 270 and just about all the girls in our troop have subscriptions to **THE AMERICAN GIRL** and we all enjoy it. Thank you for a wonderful magazine!

KATHY MITLING (age 11)

HAVANA, CUBA: I am an American girl and live in Havana, Cuba. I go to an American school called Ruston Academy. Many Americans live down here so we have a lot of fun.

I have been getting **THE AMERICAN GIRL** since December and enjoy it very much!!! The story I like best is *Cargo for Jennifer* and I also enjoyed the *Beauty Quiz*.

MADELEINE EVERETT (age 12)

PHOENIX, ARIZONA: May I say that **THE AMERICAN GIRL** is just swell! My brother even enjoys the stories! I especially like ones with a boy and girl involved—like *Cheaters Cheated* and "To Balance the Scale . . ." I look at all of the fashion tips and the ones I like best are do's and don'ts, and *Out of a Bandbox* in the April issue. I wrote down some of the tips, and they seem to help me more as I use them every day! I think *A Penny for Your Thoughts* is a wonderful ideal!

JAKI LANEY (age 10)

KRAKOW, POLAND: Long ago I received news from you that subscription to **THE AMERICAN GIRL** had been entered by my pen pal in California and I waited for it eagerly. I imagined that it must be an interesting girls' magazine and had been sorry that it did not reach me. Yesterday I received **THE AMERICAN GIRL** dated December 1953, and I enjoyed getting it very much as it is much nicer and more interesting than I imagined.

I like to read stories though I must use a dictionary very often, because my English language is poor as I am a Pole and my language is Polish. I am thirteen. I will try to read the whole magazine and this will help me in learning English more than schoolbooks. I like to look at the fashions, too. I will wait much more eagerly for each magazine

High-Schoolers! Make more of your figure's exciting possibilities

For even
dreamier lines,
wear **Formfit's**
teen proportioned

Bobbie
BRAS
AND BRITCHES



The possibilities of your figure are terrific. You can make it beautifully smoother and slimmer . . . with action-free comfort . . . in a teen proportioned Bobbie Bra and Britches! Bobbies are best for you because they're designed for you . . . by the Bobbie Fashion Board . . . Formfit's "in-the-know" teenage advisers. Soft, cool, light. You'll just love your new "Formfit" figure! So get Formfit's Bobbie "Under-Wonders!" At any nice store. **Bobbie Bras \$1.25 to \$1.75. In all teen sizes. Bobbie Strapless, \$2.00. Bobbie Britches from \$2.95 (4 detachable garters).**

Another Kind of Figure Help—FREE Calorie Counter!

Whether your problem is reducing, or adding weight, the new purse-size Formfit Calorie Counter shows you how to do it easily, safely. Simple to use. Get yours at any store which sells Bobbies, or write The Formfit Company, Dept. B-54, 400 South Peoria Street, Chicago 7, Illinois.



THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS

by
Carol Douglas
famous beauty
consultant



Spring means new clothes and a new hairdo, too. Changing to one of the season's refreshing new hair styles will brighten your whole personality.



DO start with a new home permanent—it makes a new hairdo so easy to set and keep looking lovely. This is true for an end curl, too. For ends, apply lotion only on the length of hair you want waved, but be sure to neutralize the whole head. Always follow the directions—never trust your memory!

DON'T use a permanent that's supposed to wave all kinds of hair. Choose from the New Toni Trio—one's custom-made for your type of hair! Regular Toni for normal hair. Super Toni for hard-to-wave hair or a curlier permanent. Very Gentle Toni for hair that waves easily or hair with tint, bleach or some natural curl.



DO be equally choosy if you're a Brownie or a pre-teen Girl Scout. Have a Tonette permanent by Toni. It's specially made for the stubborn hair of girls up to 13 years old. Gives natural looking curls that last without nightly pin curls. And Tonette's new simplified process takes less work to give, less sitting still time.



DON'T roll up your curls the hard way. Use SPIN brand Curlers by Toni. Twice as easy, twice as fast. Give a smoother, longer lasting wave. Get your complete set of neckline and regular sizes in the new separate kit at any hair goods counter.

DO take care of your hair. Brush daily, shampoo weekly. You'll feel like a new person with your new hairdo and new Toni looking their loveliest and making you more attractive and complimented.

than I waited for the last one. Thanks for a nice magazine. All my school friends like it, too.

KATARZYNA RADZISZEWSKA (age 13)

BRONX, NEW YORK CITY: Your magazine is tops with me. I especially like *By You*, fashions; and helpful tips on dating, dancing, good books, etc. Could you put in an article on journalism? *Eldest Daughter* was so good. It helped me to understand my parents more because I am their eldest daughter.

GLORIA SCHUSTER (age 12)

BAROTAC VIEJO, PHILIPPINES: I hope I will be the first Filipina girl to appear in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I am a junior student of the Barotac Viejo High School and I wish to write my thoughts to you. I saw a copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL at the Barotac Viejo Community Center in our town.

I enjoyed reading the articles under the *By You* section, and I am sending a big congratulations to each of the authors. I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* very much.

Hurray! For THE AMERICAN GIRL. Hurray!
ELSIE B. MATULAC (age 15)

BERWYN, ILLINOIS: *Cheaters Cheated* rated first class with me. And your beauty tips are

swell. I'm always telling your jokes to my friends.

I'm an Intermediate Girl Scout in Troop 30. Practically everyone in our troop reads THE AMERICAN GIRL.

JUDY GEDROIC (age 11)

SAIGON, INDO CHINA: I like all the fiction in every issue—the *By You* as well as the regular stories. In the last one I particularly enjoyed *Birthday in Teheran*. The people in it reminded me very much of my present habitat, Saigon, which I like very much. Here I go to a French school and speak French with all my friends. I have lent all my AMERICAN GIRL magazines to them and they have enjoyed them immensely. They all can read English because they study it in school, but they cannot speak it because the pronunciation is too difficult.

Since THE AMERICAN GIRL cannot be bought here I wait eagerly for it in the mail during the first week of each month. It is really a very wonderful magazine.

ANN N. SHAUGHNESSEY (age 15)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

What's Your Sports Line? (Continued from page 20)

four sports that are standard everywhere, at almost any time of year. And they're good fun. Why not give them a try? They'll do their job of keeping you trim and beautiful—young, spry, and entertained.

But—maybe you're really the athletic type of girl who likes competitive sports. You're naturally attracted to organized team games such as basketball, soccer, field hockey, and softball. Loads of action, with emphasis on competitive spirit and skill, makes these popular and exciting games. In any of these sports you learn to control your emotions and get to know the meaning of teamwork. And if you are gaining too much weight or find yourself a flabby subde, any of these games may prove ideal. That is, if after the day's workout you don't end up draped over a hot-fudge sundae!

In any strenuous sport you can expect your share of bumps, bruises, even sprains. Wear protective equipment where recommended. It reduces the impact of blows, may even be insurance against a serious injury.

Conditioning is essential before you engage in any rapid-pace game. If you loaf all summer and plunge into soccer or field hockey in the fall, you will do more than huff and puff. You will very likely be sick, sore, and stiff for days. And that sort of experience can chill your enthusiasm. Moreover, when you are out of condition and easily fatigued, you are more prone to accidents.

So watch your diet, turn off TV, climb out of the chaise longue at least three weeks before you start in on such games, and begin your conditioning. Do a few simple calisthenics. Huh? Yes, I agree with you! But they do work wonders! Then, swim, pedal your bike, do some running, or try any other recreation that helps produce good muscle tone. Go at them in moderation, of course, at first.

Speaking of muscles, it's smart to play games where all muscles are moderately used rather than where one set is continuously in operation. And that's especially good beauty advice for the girl who is slender and angular. Bulging muscles in only a few places can

make her look like the village blacksmith.

In sports, never forget the safety angles. Play games on fields free from such hazards as uneven surfaces and abrasive objects. Get prompt first aid for minor cuts and bruises. Play with safe, durable equipment and never use it carelessly. The wrong shoes can be a hazard: wear the right size and those designed for the particular sport. When there is a chill in the air, and you are overheated after playing, the best idea is to shower and change immediately. If you must stay around, put on a wrap. After an illness, limit your sports activities both in time and in effort. To lessen accidents, never play a strenuous sport when you are really fatigued. And try always to stay relaxed.

You may be tempted to work your pet sport to death. Better to have some extra recreational interest. Last spring I saw some girls pitching horseshoes. Good idea, too! It's fun and exercise—to say nothing of what it does for your aim and for your figure.

There are plenty of other ideas to choose from: sailing, canoeing, fishing, horseback riding, hiking trips. My neighbor Francie spends much of her leisure time in winter getting her boat ready for summer sailing. Alice is perfecting her fly-casting aim on the front lawn.

For you to be healthy, effervescent, and interesting, some sports or outdoor recreation is a must. When you sit around home and do nothing, you go stale. Things happen to your skin, hair, and nails, and attitudes.

One final point about sports. They teach you to be a good sport—a good loser—something everyone admires! They teach you not to blow your top—in a game it looks silly! They give you a chance for self-expression, encourage quick thinking, increase your self-confidence.

There are sports for every season. Consult your school coach on how to improve your playing. And, say! At a party, is there any better handle for a good conversation than sports? Your sports line is a good line to popularity.

THE END

JUNE, 1954

Go Packing!

by MARY GORDON



TWA photo

SUMMER IS COMING—and you'll probably go packing off for a vacation at the mountains, seashore, or at camp. The word "packing" is a good one. Remember last summer when you simply couldn't jam your shoes and dresses and bathing suit and all the rest of it into that suitcase? You even had to sit on it to make it close—and oh, what a mess the things were in when they came out!

This summer, try a better way. Use the following packing system, and see how easy it all becomes.

1. Divide the bottom of the suitcase across into three equal parts—two sides and a center. At one end place your shoes. You'll want flat-heeled shoes for hiking, another pair for best. Use tissue paper to keep soil off your clothes. Or, if you wish to spend the money for them, plastic shoe bags will serve you a long time. At the opposite end of the suitcase from the shoes place your cosmetics in a rubber-lined cosmetic bag, and your lingerie.

2. In the center section between these two, place your bathing suit, jewelry roll, or soft quilted jewelry bag; beach shoes, packable hats, sewing kit and all odd-shaped miscellaneous items.

3. Take the top or bottom of a cardboard dress carton and lay it in the suitcase over the items you have just packed. Now pack evening dresses on the bottom, and daytime dresses on the top. Leave the belts on the

dresses to save searching. Extra belts take less room laid flat.

4. To pack a dress, lift it by the shoulders, facing you. Lay the dress from hem to hip in the suitcase front down. Straighten the skirt and fold the dress back across itself with sleeves folded underneath. Be sure lapels and shoulder pads are straight.

5. A jacket may be packed lengthwise like a dress, laying it full length in the suitcase. Or it may be packed by folding it in half with one shoulder at each end of the suitcase. Lay it face down and tuck the collar down a bit into the suitcase. Pick the sleeves up at the seams and lay across the back of the jacket, then flip the tail over and bend in half at the waist. In this way, jackets with hip padding will be protected.

6. A skirt is packed by folding it so it fills the suitcase on all sides. Fold over a triangle of a gored skirt on each side. A full skirt should be gathered into the suitcase. Skirts will lie hem-to-hip, with a fold close to the hip.

7. Blouses that are soft and frilly are packed with the dresses. Those of nylon or crease-resistant fabric go in the bottom of the suitcase with the lingerie.

8. At the end of your trip, you may want to fall in bed quickly. So on top place a nightgown, scuffs, and a robe where you can get them at once.

THE END

SO MANY REASONS WHY YOU'LL WANT TO READ

July's AMERICAN GIRL

Beginning — a new, suspenseful serial —

REMEMBERED ISLAND

by BARBI ARDEN

Who really wrote the best-seller, "Indigo Afternoons" —Will Nash or the talented boy who had died in Korea? Could Rhoda uncover the truth and prove it?

— PLUS —

CHRISTMAS IN JULY: inexpensive gifts to make now for smart preparedness later

SUN ON YOUR CROWN: Hints to help you keep your hair lovely during the swimming season

WATER SPRITE: a profile of Carin Cone, fourteen-year-old national swimming champion

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All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting

Camp photos by Russell Grater



1.

TROOP 243 OF VALLEY STREAM, New York, was literally "up in the air." When they began Aviation badge activities, the girls wrote to Trans World Airlines for information they needed, and the company replied by inviting the troop to an on-the-spot demonstration of aviation techniques and practices. The South Nassau Council troop had accepted the invitation enthusiastically. When the necessary permissions were obtained and the date set, leaders and parents drove the girls to the New York International Airport at Idlewild, Long Island. And here they were, flying high over New York City in a giant airliner.

Only two of the girls had flown before, and it was an exciting moment for all of them when the Super Constellation lifted smoothly into the air. As the airliner cruised out over Long Island the pilot, who regularly flies the big planes on the transcontinental runs from New York to Los Angeles, explained the uses of the intricate instruments and control mechanisms. The girls used the memo pads and pencils thoughtfully provided by the company to make notes of information they needed to earn the Aviation badge.

The acting superintendent of TWA hostesses, a former Girl Scout from Taylor, Pennsylvania, gave the girls a short course in hostess training. Two hostesses assisted in the instruction, showing the girls how to make passengers comfortable and happy; how to adjust seat belts; to make up berths for overnight flights; to serve meals aboard the plane.

The biggest thrill, of course, was the flight itself. The pilot took the Scouts down the coast of Long Island to Riverhead, across Long Island Sound to Connecticut, and back to New York City, flying high above the Hudson River. It was breathtaking to look down on Man-

hattan Island, New Jersey, and Long Island; to see the George Washington Bridge, the Statue of Liberty, Coney Island, and other famous landmarks from fifteen thousand feet in the air.

Back again at the airport, the girls were served luncheon aboard the plane, and the hostesses and flight crew answered their dozens of questions. After the luncheon each girl was presented with several souvenirs of the flight and a pair of hostess wings.

Then they climbed into the earthbound cars and headed home. But it was not until they were back once more in Valley Stream that they really "came down to earth" again.

IN LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA, Troop 6 also has been working on Aviation badge requirements. At the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in Palmdale the girls were taken through the plant from the assembly line to the flying field. Each step in the construction of the big Lockheed jet planes was explained to them, from the initial assemblage to the take-off in test flight. The girls also visited the Edwards Air Force base, where the operation of various types of aircraft was explained to them.

Under the guidance of a winner of the Cross-County Powder Puff Derby (the famous air race for women) who lives in Lancaster, the girls have studied the construction of aircraft of many kinds, and learned the meanings of aviation terms. The troop hasn't taken to the air yet as a unit—that is still in the future.

Troop 6, which recently celebrated its fifth birthday, has taken part in many community-service projects. Right now they are busy with plans for camping this summer and are working to develop the skills they will need.



2.

WHAT KIND OF CAMPING do Girl Scouts carry on in desert country?" is a question often asked of Scouts of the Frontier Area Council. Actually, the camping activities of the troops in this southern Nevada council are not so very different from those of their sister Scouts in other regions. They, too, like to camp near water or in a forested area. But for them it is just a little more difficult, perhaps, to reach the lake or woods at the end of the trail. Living on the edge of the broad Mohave Desert, the Frontier Area troops sometimes drive many miles through valleys where trees and shrubs are sparse, over wind-blown sand dunes, before reaching the forested mountain highlands.

For Troop 4 of Boulder City, Nevada, the goal of their camping trip was a troop camp in a picturesque spot on the Bar Nothing Ranch, located just high enough in the mountains to be comfortably cool. Several campsites are scattered through a clump of cottonwoods on the bank of a small stream, where it emerges from one of the brilliantly colored canyons of the Spring Mountains.

There is a shower room, a first-aid and staff headquarters building. But the girls slept out of doors and cooked over open fires. They took turns cooking, collecting the none-too-plentiful firewood, cutting it into usable lengths. Campcraft skills were perfected in daily living. The girls learned the value of a strategically placed cooking fire in relation to a natural windbreak. To foil inquisitive small animals they swung a two-compartment, canvas-covered orange crate over the limb of a tree with a stout rope and stored their food in this. By wetting the canvas and letting the dry air cool the box by evaporation, it also served as a refrigerator.

Kapers were only a small, though necessary, part of the girls' activi-

make it possible for them to practice and perfect their Mariner skills.

At the Girl Scout camp on Shoals Creek there are facilities for year-round, established, and pioneer camping. Here all of the Scouts can learn to swim, with special facilities provided for the beginners, the more advanced, and the expert swimmers. Along with swimming and waterfront activities, outdoor cooking and campcrafts of different kinds are popular features of the camp program.

All of the troops in this area have been active in community-service projects, working with the bloodmobile unit and in PTA and church nurseries, helping in various local projects. In Tuscumbia, the birthplace of Helen Keller, the house in which she was born has been restored and is maintained as an historical shrine. When a new flagpole was erected in front of Miss Keller's birthplace, two members of Tuscumbia's Troop 56 volunteered to take the responsibility for lowering the flag. Every day for more than a year these two Girl Scouts have faithfully lowered the flag—and shown their Girl Scout training by following carefully the correct procedure for lowering and folding it.

ALMOST EVERYONE rides a bicycle to school in St. Mathews, a suburb of Louisville, Kentucky. So some of the girls in Troop 144 decided that the smart thing for them to do would be to earn the Cyclist badge, and so learn to ride with safety to themselves and others.

As they worked on the badge requirements, a "Safety on Wheels" film and talk given by a member of the State police helped them to learn and remember the rules of safe cycling. They also learned the traffic regulations of their own community, and how they apply to

TWA photo



3.

4.

ties. A favorite hike was through a deep colorful canyon which climbs into the mountains above the camp. From high up in this canyon they could look out at mountain peaks a hundred air miles distant. A small man-made lake where they swam in cold, spring-fed water was another favorite spot.

This camp offered excellent opportunities for nature study. The girls learned to identify the nuts of the juniper, the berries of the squaw bush, the squaw currant, and the serviceberry. All these are edible emergency food, and the girls were taught how best to use them.

The small stream was an excellent place to study the small animals and birds which daily came there to drink. What a thrill it was when a deer came down from the highlands in the late evening to drink at their stream! Even reptiles came in for a share of the girls' attention. A large bull snake, found wandering around the camp area, was adopted by the girls and protected from visitors who might not recognize him as harmless. Each girl who wished to do so had a chance to handle the snake and so learn many interesting things about reptiles.

Troop 4 of Boulder City says there is no doubt about it—its camp trip was as interesting and exciting as any Girl Scout could ask for.

GIRL SCOUTS of the Muscle Shoals Area Council in Alabama do not have to go so far afield for camping and swimming. Because they live in the wide valley of the Tennessee River, with many lakes formed by the huge Wilson, Pickwick, and Wheeler dams available for water activities, it is quite natural that most Senior Scouts in this area should be Mariners. At the Naval Reserve Center in Sheffield the girls are trained by the officers in the use and care of different kinds of water craft and in water-safety practices. The river and many lakes

bicycle riders. When they had completed several of the badge requirements they gave themselves a "road test" on a long trip to Cherokee Park. One of the things they particularly enjoyed in planning this trip was making maps of the routes they would take.

The girls are very proud of their Cyclist badge. "Knowing that we can ride our bikes safely," said one of the girls, "makes it much more fun to ride around town and to go on trips."

THE END

ATTENTION PLEASE!

Girl Scouts make the news in this department. It is for you—about you—by you. Your good times, your community service; your outdoor, homemaking, international friendship and other activities are all of interest to Girl Scouts and Girl Guides everywhere.

Why not tell others in "All Over the Map" what your Girl Scout group is doing? Send pictures, too, if you have them. These should be clear black-and-white prints in good focus, 4" x 5" or larger, which show Girl Scouts engaged in some interesting activity. This month's pictures are excellent examples of the kind we like to have for "All Over the Map." The pictures themselves tell a story. The girls look natural and relaxed. They appear interested in what they are doing, unaware—apparently!—of the camera.

When photographing girls in uniform take a minute, before the shutter clicks, to make sure they are wearing it well: that ties are correctly tied; waistlines trim; hems even; hose and shoes neat. When Seniors are in a picture, have in mind that when Seniors have earned the SSS emblem, this should replace badge sashes. The emblem and sashes are not worn together.

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JUNE, 1954

Right: Rockwood's great hall is the favorite meeting place of girls from many States, all around the year

Below: Boy Scouts are the guests of the Manor House for a gay square-dance party organized by the girls

Photo from Boys' Life



Paul Parker photos



Visiting Brownies splash their toes in the cool water of the brook that crosses Rockwood



A tent unit gets set for a sojourn in the woods with hikes by day, singing and jolly campfires, evenings

All Aboard for

The Girl Scout Camp near Washington is popular for fun and sightseeing!

ALL ABOARD! ALL ABOARD!

From all over the country, Girl Scouts are headed for Rockwood, the Girl Scout National Camp just outside the nation's capital. They're coming from Texas, California, and Minnesota, Massachusetts and Florida. This summer the trains that roll into Union Station in Washington will bring troops of Girl Scout Seniors, and sometimes friendly Boy Scout troops they've invited along. There may be parents as well as leaders who have begged to be included in the fun.

Did we say fun? Yes, campfires where everyone gets acquainted, square dancing in the great hall of the Manor House, where "tenderfoot" visitors can have real hotel accommodations. And—for those who prefer tent life—primitive camping across sixty-eight acres of deep, shady woods. In between times you sneak in to have a look at Congress, to trek importantly through the corridors and vast reception rooms of the White House, or stand reverently, a bit awe-struck, before the tremendous statue of Lincoln, seated in his chair at the beautiful Lincoln Memorial.

How far is Rockwood from where you live? Well—that depends! It took Senior Troop 877 two years to get there from Kirkwood, Missouri—and they thought that was pretty fast. You see, first they planned the trip in every detail with the help of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Then they went to work earning the money to make their dream come true. Were they forgotten in all that time? No, it seems a railroad



for Rockwood

by JOAN YARD

is something like an elephant, in size and in memory. When the girls walked into the diner on their train, they found special "souvenir" menus awaiting them. At Union Station, the president of the Capital Transit Lines was waiting to greet them as if they were V.I.P.'s. And a big bus, all their own, stood ready to roll them merrily out along the Potomac to the camp.

Nor was that the last of the attentions they received. Imagine the surprise of those girls when next day the driver of the bus came to camp with his own big private car and his wife. "You girls asked about Glen Echo Amusement Park," he explained. "Remember, we passed it on the way out from town? Well, we thought we'd like to take you there!" And he did, though it took two trips back and forth to handle the whole troop. They had a very jolly time!

Groups came to Rockwood during the past year from twenty-five States, by train, chartered bus, and private car. Some of the troops that made the trip had been in correspondence for months with others who had similar plans, so when they met at Rockwood they felt like old friends. They brought along souvenirs of their home States to give the other girls, and planned all sorts of gay interstate programs and campfires. When they raised their voices in song, a variety of regional accents gave color to the lyrics.

A group of Seniors from East Greenwich, Rhode Island, had a (Continued on next page)



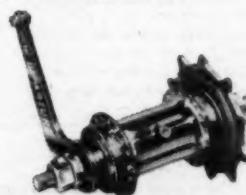
Imagine . . . a space-pilot with a handle-bar mustache!

... about as old-fashioned as a bike with handle-bar brakes!



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Games and Activities for Girls— Techniques for Leaders

Group Fun



By CATHARINE CONWAY REILEY
Program Department, National Headquarters, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.

Are you and your friends eager to find new ways of having fun at parties and get-togethers? Or are you looking for ideas on how to pep up your troop or club meetings? Here is a book chockful of just the sort of help and advice you need. It includes suggestions on how to lead group activities successfully, as well as detailed instructions for games, music, dancing, dramatics, crafts, hikes, cooking, etc.—each described in an easy, how-to-do-it style. Illustrated with diagrams and lively drawings by Margaret E. Dieckerhoff.

Available at all bookstores or through your Girl Scout Equipment Agency or by mail from National Equipment Service, New York, St. Louis, San Francisco, \$3.95

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
432 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

fine view of the Senate from the Diplomatic Gallery. The senator from their State, whose daughter is a Scout, had arranged their visit to the Capitol, including apple pie and ice cream in the Senate restaurant.

A Senior troop from Coolidge, Arizona, "trip camped" across the country in their own bus. They invited a troop from Washington, D. C., to a campfire at Rockwood. Their beautiful squaw skirts and silver concho belts made everyone a bit envious.

Boy Scout Explorers from Arlington, Virginia, camped at Rockwood at the same time as Troop 64 Girl Scouts of College Park, Maryland. The boys and girls carried out a work project at the camp together; topped off with a dance at the Manor House.

One thing Rockwood goes in for in a big way is family camping. It's the latest thing, and its popularity is increasing all the time. Last summer eleven different families of Girl Scouts—with a total of thirty-two children ranging from four to seventeen—camped in the tent units. Each family had two tents, plenty of outdoor space, and a chance to get acquainted. What fun!

This summer the nationwide trek to Rockwood is beginning with a bang! And those who don't make it in summer may have reserved a spot for their troop in autumn or winter. All around the year, it's "All aboard for Rockwood!"

THE END

Party in Reverse

(Continued from page 17)

write down what you have seen. Reverse it by starting out with slips of paper. Each guest writes down what she thinks may be on the tray. After the slips are collected, a tray, prepared beforehand, is brought in, and the papers are checked for right answers.

Most guessing games can be reversed. Give the answers and ask for the questions. Have the players read out their questions and there are bound to be some funny ones.

Once you get the trend of these reversed games, many more ideas will come popping into your mind. And you'll see that a party in reverse can give everyone a wonderful time. The costumes, decorations, and refreshments are fun in themselves, and less time is needed for entertaining. There is never any danger of a stiff party, from start to finish—or should we say, from finish to start?

Yes, and don't forget when your guest leave you must say, "Why, hello, I'm certainly glad to see you!"

THE END



SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

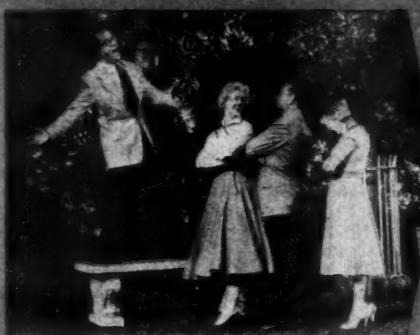


A QUEEN'S WORLD TOUR

This is a record in full color of the visit of Queen Elizabeth II and her husband to the Fiji Islands, Tonga, and New Zealand. The cameras have recorded the color and ceremony of the royal couple's journey; the elaborate receptions, the rituals and spear dances of the Maori and Tonga people; a summertime Christmas in New Zealand; the unique canoe ceremony of the Fiji; and many other scenes from these fabulous islands. You will want to see this. (United Artists)



PRINCE VALIANT—A favorite picture-strip character now comes to you in Technicolor Cinema-Scope. The pageantry, intrigue, and romance of the days of King Arthur and his knights are brought to life in a colorful, exciting production. An imposing cast portrays the favorite heroes, ladies, and villains of the picture strip. Robert Wagner is Prince Valiant; Sterling Hayden, Sir Gwain; Brian Aherne is King Arthur; James Mason, Sir Bedivere; Janet Leigh is Alethea; and Debra Paget is Ilene. (20th Century)



LUCKY ME—This is a gay musical about a superstitious showgirl (Doris Day) whose troupe is stranded in Miami, Florida. With her two friends (Phil Silvers and Eddie Foy, Jr.) she tries to get into a new show being planned by a successful songwriter (Robert Cummings). But Friday the 13th, black cats, and other evil omens in which Doris believes upset their plans and cause plenty of excitement and hilarity before all ends happily for everyone. There are some catchy tunes and good dancing. (Warner)



MAN WITH A MILLION—The picture is based on a story by Mark Twain. In London two old and very wealthy brothers make a wager. One says that a penniless man, given a single million-pound note, would find it completely useless. The other contends that merely by having it, the man could live like a lord. They choose a penniless, friendless young American, Henry Adams (Gregory Peck) for their experiment, and give him the note. What happens to Henry and his million makes a delightful picture. (United Artists)

Outdoor cooking tips



Quick way to clean up smoke-blackened pots and pans is with an S.O.S. scouring pad. Soap right in it wipes off grease and smoke, fast!



Easy way to clean crusted utensils—forks, spatulas, grills—is with S.O.S. The sturdy, interwoven fibres cut crust, leave a shine every time.



Yes, the same S.O.S. that cleans up indoors, cleans up outdoors, too—on picnics, on camping trips, at barbecues. So take a tip—take S.O.S.

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When you've only a minute
to be at your best...



That's the time to



Reach
for
Raisins

• Take a minute—take a handful! Raisins are good two ways. (1) They taste so sweet 'n' wonderful. (2) They do you so much good—give you the quick energy you need to "sparkle" with vitality. (Won't hurt your complexion either.) Ask your mother to get some—for you. Bet she will!



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Cargo for Jennifer (Continued from page 19)

speed. In no time at all they reached Caimito and Panchito left her in the car while he rounded up a couple of horses. Jennifer felt a little squeamish at being alone in a car in a strange Cuban town at midnight. She jumped nervously at every sound in the darkness of the dimly lighted main street, but admonished herself sternly not to be silly. Then Panchito was back, astride one of the small Cuban horses and leading another. He held the mare while Jennifer mounted, the folds of her wide spangled skirt trailing over the stirrups. When he remounted, she was already leading the way on the road to Central Lolita from which the trail branched off toward Blanquezar.

Jennifer had never ridden at night. There was no moon, and the darkness was so thick she wondered whether she would be able to tell where the narrow Blanquezar path began. The feather-duster tops of the palm trees were etched black against the night sky. The grotesque forms of the cactus seemed to move by, blacker shapes in the surrounding darkness.

Subconsciously Jennifer was grateful for the comfort of Panchito's presence as he rode along behind her. But her every conscious thought was concentrated on reaching the cave on top of Blanquezar. Would they be in time? She held her breath now and then to listen. Other than their own, there was no sound of horses' hoofs. But of course Navarro and his men would have to go around by the road. If Lito were captured with what she suspected was in those crates...

"Oh, let us be in time," she heard herself murmuring aloud. "Please let us be in time."

They were beginning the ascent now. The little mare was breathing heavily as she took the steep rise at the pace Jennifer kept urging. When they reached the top, she flung herself off the lathered mare and began to slide down the hill. Panchito followed, and the noise of the loose dirt and pebbles they dislodged seemed startlingly loud. She struck the path sharply, scrambled to her feet and, stumbling in the darkness, ran along the narrow way with Panchito close behind her. At the mouth of the cave a sentry challenged them.

"Hurry, *por Dios!*" cried Jennifer. "Warn everyone at once. Captain Navarro has discovered your hiding place."

"Who are you?" the startled man demanded, still barring the way.

"Jennifer Calderón from Central Lolita," she announced. "But don't stand there asking questions. I tell you there isn't a moment to lose. Call Miguel de Cárdenas, please!"

The sentry put down his gun, lifted a curtain at the entrance to the cave, and called for Lito. He appeared almost immediately. "Jennifer!" he gasped. "Why are you here?"

"Oh, hurry, Lito, hurry! You're in terrible danger!" Jennifer was almost sobbing. "Captain Navarro has found out about this place. He and his men are on the way here."

Lito swung back into the cave. Jennifer, Panchito, and the sentry followed. There were perhaps a dozen men standing about in the flickering light of a couple of lanterns. A hubbub of exclamations and questions arose as Miguel quickly told his story.

"Captain or no captain, we must get out the rest of this ammunition," someone said, and Jennifer realized that half the packing cases were gone.

While Panchito and the erstwhile sentry were lending a hand with the rest of the

cases, someone realized that the entrance to the cave had been left unguarded. Jennifer offered to stand watch. She took her place in the door of the cave, peering ahead with ears alert for the slightest sound. Why didn't they hurry? The captain and his men must be nearing here now. She lifted the curtain a little and looked inside. Lito and Panchito, hoisting the last box, were the only ones left.

Suddenly she heard a twig snap. Whirling around, she saw a black shape move in the shadowy darkness. Quickly she ducked inside the curtain. Lito was coming toward her. Before he could speak, she caught his arm. "They are here," she whispered. "Just outside on the path."

"Bueno," he whispered back, leading her to the back of the cave. "Do not be afraid. The last case has gone. We will swing up through the hole and make what you call the getaway, too. They cannot prove anything now."

He blew out the lantern. The oily smoky smell lingered in the air. They heard the curtain flap and knew someone was standing in the entrance. Lito bent down on one knee. "Step on my knee and my shoulder," he whispered, "and Panchito will pull you up."

Seconds later, Jennifer was standing with Panchito beneath the old ceiba tree. There was a scraping noise and Lito was beside them. "Quick!" he was whispering. "Let us get away from here. Scram, no?" He chuckled softly and Jennifer could imagine his flashing grin. She felt a surge of thankfulness. She had saved Lito. At this moment, Toni, *abuelita*, all the Calderóns must be horrified and enraged at her, but she was warm with the happy realization that whatever they thought of her, whether they liked it or not, she had saved them all from suffering and unhappiness.

Once down the mountain, they mounted Panchito on the horse he had been riding, Lito and Jennifer on the other—and rode swiftly toward Lolita.

It seemed to Jennifer that the entire Calderón family and their guests were clustered around the doorway, awaiting the bedraggled trio from Blanquezar. Steve ran down the steps. "Are you all right, Jenny?"

Jennifer nodded. She was beginning to tremble a little with fatigue and excitement.

"Gosh, what a night!" Steve continued with feeling. "Though I knew what was going on, I wasn't sure where you were or what you were up to, and I don't mind telling you I was plenty scared. Five minutes more and, confidence or no confidence, I would have told all I know."

Uncle Beraldo stood at the top of the steps. There was no smile on his usually jolly face as he demanded sternly, "Where have you been? What is the explanation of this outrageous behavior?"

Aunt Rita was just behind him, wringing her hands. "Oh, Jennifer," she sobbed, "we have been so worried. Think of the Calderón reputation. How could you be so thoughtless?"

Lito stepped forward. "Please, *tía*, let us first come inside. Then I will explain everything. It is all my fault."

As he led Jennifer through the group, Toni hissed in her ear, "Shameless one! Running after Panchito. Disgracing the family."

It was only then that Jennifer realized that Doña Dolores had not left her high-backed chair and that Tío Pepe remained seated beside her. There was a disdainful aloofness

about the pair, as if they were waiting to sit in judgment. Lito led Jennifer straight to them.

Don Pepe regarded the three young people with disgust. "American upbringing may condone as a lark any sort of midnight adventure in which youth is pleased to indulge," he said biting, his dark eyes flashing, his Spanish crisp with anger, "but my grandson should know better."

It was the pain and disappointment in her grandmother's eyes that hurt Jennifer most. Before Miguelito had a chance to reply, Doña Dolores broke in. Ignoring the culprits completely and addressing herself to her family and guests, she said in icy tones, "Please accept my apologies for the anxiety this selfish, thoughtless girl has caused you. Now that she has returned safely from her unchaperoned escapade, let us go to bed; it is very late. Explanations can wait until morning."

"*Que va*," Lito protested heatedly. "My explanations cannot wait until morning. This was no escapade of Jennifer's. By a daring and dangerous ride up Blanquezar, she and Panchito have just saved me from arrest and possible imprisonment for treason at the hands of Captain Navarro."

Amid a babble of exclamations and another flood of tears from Aunt Rita, Lito told his story. He did not spare himself in the telling. He admitted that because he could not go to the college of his choice, he had been acting like a spoiled child, refusing to take any interest in classes at the University of Havana. He really had been looking for mischief and excitement when he had first joined the secret society, *Juventud para Cuba Libre*.

He spoke simply of his deep love for his country, and his desire to save her from the crushing evils of selfish and corrupt politicians. It was this desire that had led him to become more and more deeply involved in the *Cuba Libre* conspiracy and to found the chapter of the society here in Las Piedras, of which he was the president. It was first Jennifer and then Beba Rojas—who had completed her education in the States, he told his father pointedly—who had shown him that revolution was not the answer he was seeking to the ills of Cuba. He knew now that his country could never grow up and take her place proudly among the nations of the world while her government was at the mercy of any strong man who could muster the arms to seize it. Between them, Jennifer and Beba had taught him this. From now on, he intended to work for the idea that the reforms which he considered so necessary must come through education and orderly constitutional processes.

Then Jennifer, Panchito, and Lito told the story of the cave on Blanquezar, the note which Jennifer had intercepted, Navarro's conversation which she had overheard, and the wild ride by which she and Panchito had warned Lito and the others. Jennifer found herself surrounded by people pumping her hand, hugging and kissing her, and applauding her courage and resourcefulness. She felt vague and light-headed with fatigue.

"May I speak to you a moment, Jenni?" Antonia said, using for the first time Doña Dolores' affectionate name for Jennifer. She put her hand on Jennifer's arm. "You look so tired," she said contritely, "but I cannot let you go to bed until I tell you many things. First I want you to know I am grateful to you for what you did for Lito. I have been so busy with my own affairs since we have been at Lolita, I have not seen what has been going on under my nose. I am so ashamed."

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She paused a moment, face averted, as if marshaling her courage. Then she looked directly into Jennifer's eyes. "I have been stupid, Jenni, in so many ways. Like Lito, I have been trying to show my independence and like Lito I have been so wrong in the way I chose to do it. I think I have really known all along that *abuelita* was right about Captain Navarro, but I would not permit myself to believe it and"—she swallowed and continued with an effort—"and if I am going to be entirely truthful, I must admit he fascinated me in the beginning. But when he was so unpleasant at the club, especially with María, I saw him for the first time quite plainly as he really is."

Jennifer gave her a pat of congratulations. "Good for you, Toni."

"I did not need your revelation of the captain's fortune-hunting to make me ashamed of him," Toni went on, "but Navarro is no longer important. Thanks to you, whatever damage he might have done is safely past. Now I want to apologize to you for many things. Can you forgive me for my unfriendliness—my rudeness—to you ever since you have been in Cuba? I have known for a long time, but I would not admit it, that you came here with no wish to look down on us as small and provincial, because your country is so much bigger and your young people have complete freedom to make use of your much greater opportunities."

Jennifer interrupted. "Oh, Toni, that is just as false as some of the things I used to think about Cuba before I came here. There are great opportunities in my country, but we are not always free to take advantage of them. I have not been able to study for the career I want, any more than you have been free to go ahead with yours."

Toni nodded. "I am beginning to understand." But before Jennifer could explain further, Toni returned to her apologies as if she must make a clean breast of everything and win Jennifer's forgiveness before she slept. "At first I would not be friends with you because I was proud and vowed I would give you no chance to be smug and superior with me. Then later, Jenni, I was jealous—jealous of your friendship with *abuelita*, of your work with her in the *clínica*. And lately I have been furious because I thought you were trying to take Panchito away from me."

"Oh, Toni," Jennifer exclaimed again, "as if anyone could do that!"

Toni smiled ruefully. "I am not so sure. You are very attractive, *prima mia*, and I have been very bad to Panchito. I have liked to flirt with other boys, but always I have thought of Panchito as mine when I wanted him. You do not know—even I myself was surprised—how I raged to see you laughing and whispering with him, to see him run to your call."

"Well, if I have made you appreciate Panchito, my visit has been worth while."

"Ay, Jenni, how much we all would miss not to know you. Please say you forgive me and let us be *primas de verdad*—really cousins and friends—at last."

"But of course, Toni," Jennifer said. "I too have learned much in these months, and there is nothing to forgive. I am happy to be friends at last."

Doña Dolores came over to them. "I waited to permit the others to praise you first, *Jenni mia*," she said, "but I have been patient long enough."

Toni rose and relinquished her place to her grandmother. Doña Dolores put her arm through Jennifer's and drew her close. "I do

not know if the good doctor realized how great a kindness he was doing when he sent you to us, *hija de mi corazón*," she said, her beautiful eyes soft with affection. "We have grown to love you, but it took this dramatic and dangerous affair to make us understand how much you mean to us."

"I was very unhappy when I thought you were all angry with me, *abuelita*," Jennifer said.

"Angry!" Doña Dolores echoed. "Each of us has a particular reason to be grateful to you—I, perhaps, most of all. I see clearly now that it has always been my pride that has caused most of my suffering. You have given me much, *Jenni mia*—humility, understanding—but best of all you have given me back a loving memory of my son." She stretched out her white, ringed hands and Jennifer took them, tears in her eyes and a lump in her throat. "It is too late to apologize to Ricardo," Doña Lolita went on, her voice a little unsteady, "and that will always be a bitter thought. But I can make amends to you, *niña mia*, and to your mother. Although I have never met her—your mother—I feel that I know and admire her because of you, Jennifer. You have made me understand what a fine woman my son's wife must be, as I have come to know you intimately in many trying situations. When she returns to New York, I will go to her, if she will see me. You must persuade her, *niña*."

Jennifer thought this the nicest compliment anyone had ever paid her. "You and Mother would like each other," she said warmly, "if you really knew each other."

"But in the meantime, I want you to be generous and give me the pleasure of doing something for you, *chica*. I have been thinking about it for some time."

"You mean you have been making plans for me, *abuelita*?" Jennifer asked, touched by her proud grandmother's humble earnestness.

"Sí, sí," Doña Lolita's vigorous nod set the jewels in her ears flashing. "You remember when you first came how I told you I disapproved of American women and their careers. You will be surprised to learn that I am planning a career for you, no?"

"A career for me, *abuelita*?" Jennifer echoed, holding her breath in suspense.

"Sí, *hija*. You and I have worked much together. I know the interest you have to make well the sick. Why, I ask myself, should not Jenni be *doctora*? Already in your country such studies are open to women. Someday, they will be here in my country. So what do you say, *niña*? Would you like to go to this Yale, where Lito goes, to study *medicina*?"

For a moment Jennifer sat staring at her grandmother as if she could not believe her ears. Then she threw her arms around Doña Dolores in an impulsive hug. "Abuelita, bless you!" she exulted. "It's what I want more than anything in the world."

In the blue-and-apricot room in which she had unpacked with such mixed emotions on her arrival in Cuba, Jennifer was supposedly dressing for her last Cuban party. In reality, she was wandering around the room, in her long party slip, picking up odds and ends of her possessions and trying to squeeze them into an already bulging suitcase. So many of the things she was handling brought back memories of scenes which highlighted the past months, that she seemed at the same time to be reliving her stay in Cuba.

Little by little she had lost her awe of Tío Pepe. He was almost embarrassingly grateful and inordinately proud of her courage and good sense. Deplored the harm that stub-

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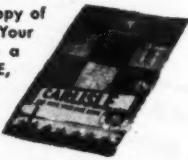


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born, unreasoning prejudice could do, he told her humbly, "I almost wrecked my grandson's life." She often joined him in his favorite game of dominoes, and admired the distinguished appearance he made in the white linen suits he wore, now that the Cuban winter was over. It was Tio Pepe who was giving tonight's party in Jennifer's honor.

The repentant Lito had settled down to hard study for the rest of the semester, in order to be ready to enter Yale in the fall. Meanwhile, he had agreed to spend the summer with his grandfather in Spain. He wasn't particularly looking forward to the usual round of summer resort life at Santander, he told Jennifer in confidence, but two short months were little enough in return for a year or so at Yale, especially if it made the old gentleman happy.

Jennifer and Toni had really become friends at last. Now Panchito's square diamond was flashing on Toni's left hand. She would spend the summer in Paris with her parents, selecting the trousseau for her wedding in the fall.

Jennifer had written her mother all about her grandmother's plans for her, and shortly afterward had come news which, thanks to Doña Lolita's hints, was not so unexpected after all. Chris and Doctor Bob would be married as soon as Chris could leave Arizona.

Now that happy day for which Jennifer had yearned so deeply was at hand. Day after tomorrow, she and Doña Dolores were flying to Miami to meet Chris and Doctor Bob, and be present at their wedding. "I," Doña Lolita had said, "should give the bride away. Is she not the widow of my son, and the mother of my granddaughter?"

Only two days until she would see Chris again! Jennifer was so happy she seemed to be floating on air, and yet at the same time she was sorry to leave the beautiful island of eternal summer, and glad that she would be returning whenever possible to visit her Cuban family. She pulled open one of the two drawers at the bottom of her big wardrobe, and stood there dismayed. It was bursting full. Her possessions seemed to have more than doubled in the scant six months since she had been in Cuba. She would have to buy another suitcase to be shipped home along with her other heavy luggage.

As she began to build up a pile for the new suitcase, she remembered how she had quoted Masefield's poem, "Cargoes," while she was packing to come to Cuba, wondering what sort of cargo she would bring back from "the palm-green shores." She could honestly say she was taking back a full cargo, and one quite as valuable as ivory, and cinnamon, and gold moidores. She was returning with the self-confidence and self-reliance she had gained in these months with a strange family in a foreign land. Spanish was now as familiar and easy for her as her own native English. Never again would she lump together in judgment a whole nation or group of people, for she had learned that, just as there were pleasant Americans like, well, like herself and Chris, for instance, there were bad Americans like the man who had made love to Doña Lolita, or those who had broken faith with Tio Pepe. There were attractive Cubans, like Lito and Beba, and unpleasant ones, like Navarro. Rich ones, like the Calderóns, and poor ones like Carmen. She knew now that, whatever their language or background, people were the same everywhere—good, bad, and indifferent—and she was richer for this knowledge.

As with the letters she had written to Chris in the early days of her Cuban stay, it was where you placed the emphasis, what you were looking for, and how you looked at things, that made the difference. But this valuable broadening and developing of herself was only part of the cargo she was taking back from Cuba. To a young woman who had been an only child, whose single relative was a working mother, the most exciting part was the family she had acquired—a devoted grandmother, whom she admired exceedingly; interesting cousins, who were almost like a brother and sister, in Toni and Lito; a couple of uncles; an aunt; and very shortly she would have a new father.

And the way had been opened to her to study for the career of which she had dreamed so long. Not at Yale, of course, but at Dr. Bob's Cornell. She would make her whole family proud of her or die in the trying. She bent to open the other drawer. It stuck a bit and she gave it a yank. It burst open and there, still in its gay Christmas wrapping, was the present she had made for Toni.

She was standing there, staring at the package, a tremulous smile on her face, when someone knocked at the door. She called "Come in," and Toni entered, wearing the blue dress with the flame-colored sash and shoes which she had worn when Jennifer first came to Cuba.

"*Anda, Jenni*," she chided, when she saw Jennifer still in her slip, "you will be late to your own party. You must hurry, *chica*." She held out her hand from which her lovely sapphire jewelry was spilling. "I come to ask if you will like to wear?" she asked.

"Why, thanks, Toni," Jennifer said, touched. "That's awfully good of you, but I thought I would wear these garnets my mother sent me. They will look well with my white dress, don't you think?"

Toni nodded agreement and was turning away when, on impulse, Jennifer held out to her the Christmas package tagged with her name. "Here," Jennifer said, "take this. I made it to go with that dress you're wearing."

"What—" Toni began, puzzled by the Christmas wrapping, and then at the realization of what it meant, she flushed a painful crimson. "Oh, Jenni," she said, "I am so ashamed. This is the present you planned to give me last Christmas when I was so horrid."

"It's all right," Jennifer said. "Go ahead and open it."

When Toni tore the wrapping and saw the flame-colored handkerchief with the carefully embroidered monogram, her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Jenni," she wailed in distress, "all the time I was so bad to you, you were making this lovely handkerchief for me. How can you ever forgive me!"

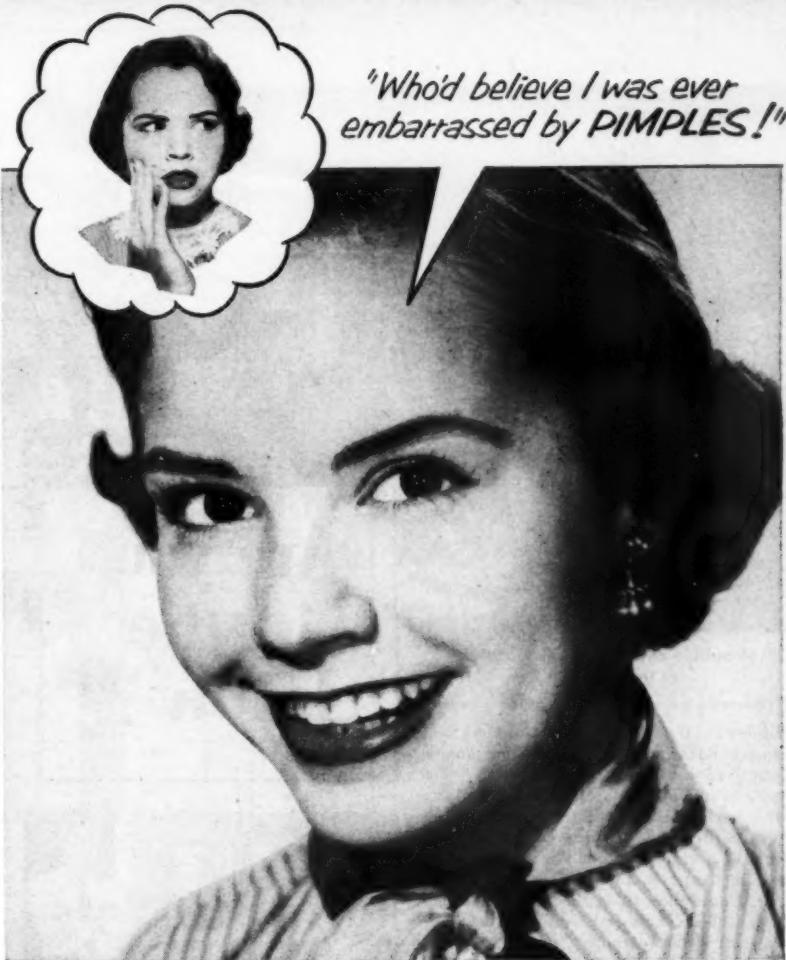
"But I have," Jennifer said. "Long ago."

"Because you are an American," Toni said, "I thought you would be superior and patronizing and look down on me. I kept looking for that sort of thing in everything you said and did."

There is was again, Jennifer thought. You found what you looked for.

"I am so very ashamed and sorry," Toni went on. "Will you forgive me, Jenni dear?" She bent forward, and this time Jennifer remembered to kiss her on both cheeks.

Jennifer would never forget Tio Pepe's party at San Souci. Under the soft midnight blue of the tropic night sky, small tables ringed the highly polished tiles of the dance floor, set in a grove of giant old ceiba trees. From top to bottom, each huge old tree



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

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Let the lucky bid-winners have their day—there's always another dance just around the corner, mourner! Meantime, round up all the Uninvited (you're not the *only* one); stage a gay fray that night. Have music, ample samples (refreshment-wise). How about a home permanent party? And to banish calendar blues . . . be confident with Kotex. You get extra absorbency, for extra protection; poise!

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Wait! You're in for stubble trouble if you mow down forearm fuzz with a razor. Instead, why not bleach it—with a good hair lightener? (Then, long time no see!) You can foil unsightly outlines, too, at "that" time—thanks to Kotex. The secret? It's those flat, pressed ends. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex to learn which size best suits you.



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was decked with thousands of glittering electric lights. A fragrant night wind set the branches swaying, the lights winking like millions of fireflies.

"How beautiful!" Jennifer murmured, entranced. "It's like fairyland."

Tío Pepe, his thick silver hair gleaming, his black eyes sparkling above the white of his dinner jacket, was delighted with her pleasure. It was a large party. Tío Pepe's friends, Lito's and Toni's friends, friends of the Beranguers, and of Doña Lolita, all greeted Jennifer and wished her well. It was a long time before she was free to dance.

Steve was waiting impatiently. "I thought you would never be done bowing and scraping," he said. "I'd like you all to myself for a minute or two. There's so little time left."

They danced, and Jennifer was glad there was no cutting in at Cuban parties, for her heart echoed Steve's "There's so little time left." It was hard to think of life without Steve. There had been weeks when she had not seen him, but she had known he was here on the same island with her and might pop up at any time. Now she was leaving, and he was staying behind for another month, when he would accompany his aunt back to the States. Jennifer remembered the big man in the light overcoat, the pretty woman in the little hat. They would welcome him back, brown and fit, his blond hair bleached almost white by the tropic sun.

"Walk with me to the pool in the garden," Steve pleaded when the music stopped. "I can't let you go so soon." Beyond the grove with its tables and dance floor, there was a small formal garden with a pool in the center where fat goldfish drifted lazily among the lily pads. Jennifer sat on a lacy white-iron bench at the edge of the pool and watched the lights twinkling in the ceiba trees.

"It's so beautiful," she murmured.

"You are so beautiful, Jenny," Steve said, his tone low and earnest. He dropped to his knees beside the bench, his eyes on a level with Jennifer's. "I can't let you go like this," he said, his voice a little unsteady. "I can't bear to say good-by without telling you what you mean to me."

Jennifer felt her heart begin its erratic jumping. "It isn't forever, Steve dear," she said lightly and a little breathlessly. "You will come to see me in New York."

"You remember I told you my illness had interrupted my plans," Steve said. "I have about three more years to go on my engineering course before I'll be ready to build dams or bridges—or ask a girl to marry me."

"And I'm just beginning an eight-year trek," Jennifer said with a little catch in her voice. "That's a long time to ask any man to wait."

"I'll wait," Steve said. "I would wait all my life, if I had to, Jenny, because there will never be any other girl for me." He bent forward and his arms went around her.

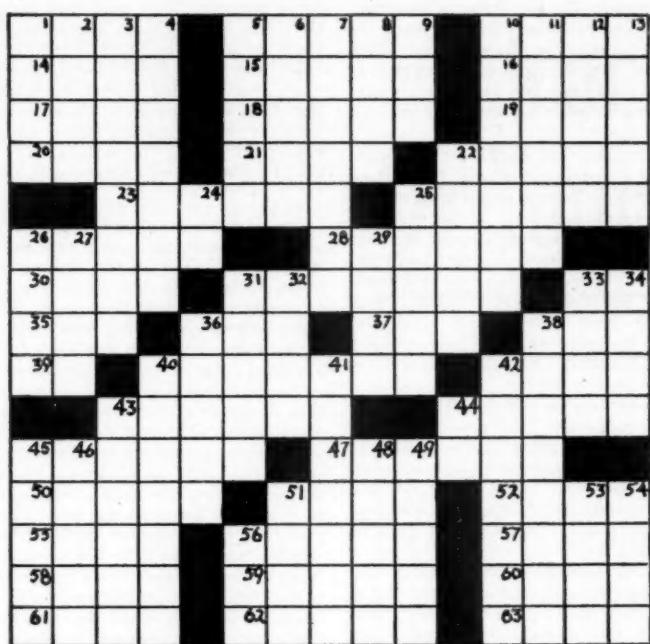
What about my doctor's practice? Jennifer thought a little wildly. How can I build up a practice in the far-off places where Steve will be building his dams and bridges? Then she saw Doña Dolores bending over a sick child in her *clínica* at the mill, and she knew that wherever Steve's work took him, there she would find her work, too.

She turned her face for his kiss. **THE END**

"CARGO FOR JENNIFER" will be published as a full-length novel by Longmans, Green & Co. in August, 1954.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN



ACROSS

- Back of neck
- Removed center (as from an apple)
- In the midst
- A separate detail
- Living
- Sheet of glass
- Edible ice-cream holder
- Torn apart violently
- Design
- Turkish dignitary
- Part of stove
- Large net
- A writing pad
- Areas
- Inscribed pillar or slab
- An imperial domain
- The terminal part of the arm
- Within the house
- Part of verb to be
- Liable
- A unit
- Pedal digit
- Frozen water
- Pronoun
- Three times five
- Surface space
- Harass
- Fruit of the oak
- One who stares
- Hurry
- Having a lining
- Desert lizard
- Wall covering used in bathrooms and kitchens
- Crane-like bird
- Breakfast meat
- Sour or tart to taste
- To dissolve
- Large antelope
- Allowance for weight
- Epochs
- High winds
- Ardor or eagerness
- Pleasant
- Basic particle
- Regretful
- Precious stone
- Joyous song
- Small, oily, green fruit
- Firmly fastened
- Level
- Lair
- Comes into view
- Ill will
- Silly
- Low sand hill
- Steeple
- Auxiliary verb
- Implement used in eating and cooking
- False
- Narrow strip or band
- Minute particle
- Deduce
- Loosely woven fabrics
- Genus of maple
- Ill-tempered
- Lubricated
- Satirical
- Extensive growths of trees
- Moral or fair
- A salt of acetic acid
- Kind of rope or paper
- By
- Mud
- Italian river
- Solitary
- Stretches of finely powdered rock (as a beach)
- Festive
- Italian coin
- Paradise
- Beseech

For solution turn to page 52

Hey, Gang,



My New
Raleigh
has
DUNLOP
TIRES

'My new bike is really a smoothie. It goes faster—much easier to handle than any other bike I've ridden. Its lightweight Dunlop Tires are easy to peddle, give me a fast stop when I put on my brakes.'

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ORIGINATOR AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER
OF ELECTRICAL BICYCLE ACCESSORIES



ANSWER TO
THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE
ON PAGE 51



Summer Jobs Wanted! (Continued from page 15)

about these greens, but if you are able to tell them how good they are, you'll make many customers. Start a dandelion garden and you'll be all set for summer sales. You can include such things as herbs and parsley, too, which are very popular. Tie the herbs in bunches, label them, and sell them while green. Or dry them, package them in plasticine, label the packages, and sell them in this attractive form. If you need some help in the packaging, get the advice of your county agent on how it is done.

The real country girl knows it takes practice to make a perfect jar of jelly. But it may be something she's learned and is good at, and she'll want to sell jelly, too, at her wayside stand. Made of wild berries, her jelly will find plenty of customers. Jenny Rodgers had such success with this that she went on to exhibit and sell her jellies at the State, county, and grange fairs. Most teen-agers in rural districts have had practice with jelly making at home, and can turn it to good account for summertime money-making.

Su Williams lives on the outskirts of a big town in Massachusetts. She raised her own "garden sass"—peas, string beans, tomatoes, peppers, lettuce, cucumbers, and summer squash. She had a successful roadstand, but she wanted to add strawberries to her wares. Everyone said strawberries wouldn't grow in that soil—until a visiting aunt picked up a handful of the soil, let it sift through her fingers, *tasted* it, and said, "Nonsense! Of course you can raise strawberries here!" She advised Su to take a sample of the soil to her county agent, who tested it scientifically and backed up her aunt. Su's bumper crops of strawberries have been selling for several summers. "They'll help me work my way through college," she says, with a laugh.

Joan Walters, who lives in a small town, is very handy with a needle. She started, when she was eight, making dolls' clothes with her mother's help. Now she has a good little business of her own in her neighborhood, turning up hems and hemming them, or letting them down when little girls' dresses have climbed up their legs. She's doing so well with simple sewing jobs, she's beginning to

think about someday going to a dressmaking and designing school. That's the way with summer work—it often points to a career.

Two sisters in that same town who could bake well decided to make their talents pay off in summer. They took their brother into the "firm" as salesman and delivery agent. He went around and took orders for pies and cakes—the sisters baked them. Summer residents soon swelled their list of customers; they were so happy about their summer earnings, they took week-end orders for Saturday baking all winter. This summer they're planning for business on a bigger scale again.

Four girl chums who are artistically inclined have worked up a joint project that is doing well. They make and sell a variety of wall ornaments that are very inexpensive to produce—and good sales items. The initial outlay for this was forty-nine cents per girl for a coping saw. Then they visited a lumberyard and got permission to haul away as many scraps of plywood as they required. On these they design simple outlines—a rooster, a bird, a cat, or dog. The next step is to saw around the outline, producing a silhouetted figure, which they paint in bright colors with tempura, and complete with a ring on the back so it may be hung on the wall. These same girls have lately begun to make and sell convention badges to large organizations. They write to the president of an organization that is planning a convention, and send a sample badge. It is a ribbon attached to a safety pin, and a card for the delegate's name at the top, with a small water-color landscape or sea-scape or picture fitting the historical setting of the convention town. When an order comes in the girls put in full days on "mass production." It's like a party, they say, and they always have lots of fun.

Summertime jobs are usually fun—and they are satisfying, because they give you a sense of accomplishment. But don't forget the basic rules: Know what you like to do; find out what your community needs you to do. Mix these two ingredients in equal proportions and make yourself popular by really giving service.

THE END

Your Own Two Feet! (Continued from page 16)

heels consistently—but let's take a look at the case against high heels as a constant daily companion, since doctors are unanimous about this point.

In high heels, the weight of the body is thrown forward and has to be supported entirely on the balls of the feet. The five slender metatarsal bones which are inside the ball of each foot and lie directly back of the toes are often unable to stand the whole strain, and the inner border of the foot—the arch—becomes weakened. That's what is so often behind the cry, "Oh, my aching feet!"

Continual high-heel wearing also causes the calf muscles to contract. That is why a sudden switch back to "flats" may be painful. If you have been wearing only high heels and want to get back into low ones, make the change gradual by first going into a medium heel for a few hours before stepping into a low heel.

There are literally hundreds of wonderful all-day, all-purpose walking shoes from saddle shoes and moccasins to at least fifty-eight varieties of sport shoes—which come in a

plethora of gay colors and fine leathers. So wearing comfortable shoes does not mean sacrificing one iota of your good looks.

Very thin-soled ballet slippers look pretty in the store window, but are not a sufficient cushion against hard pavements. This type of shoe stretches quickly so that your foot has to curl upward in the toe region to prevent its slipping off—straining the muscles for long periods of time.

For dancing you'll probably want to perch yourself up on a heel. Fine—go ahead, only do be sure that it is a heel you can perch on gracefully. Better to be balanced a little closer to earth than to totter unsteadily on high. Practice walking in your high heels at home before you go out in them.

Summertime care. Summer has already rounded the first bend, and your feet are about to show under America's bright sun. They will be seen nude as you lie sun-bathing on sandy beaches, or great peeps of them will be there for the looking as you stride around in your new wide-open-look shoes and san-

days. Since you'll be showing them off—do make sure that the showing is good! To start with, how about giving that well-groomed foot a pedicure? It is as easy as a manicure, and lasts much longer. Here are the "hows" of it.

Soak feet in sudsy warm water for a few minutes. Follow this by scrubbing them with a firm-bristled brush until they tingle all over. Now rub any callused spots—gently, gently—with pumice stone. Dry with a rough towel.

Next—with sterile implements, please—trim toenails with scissors. Trim straight across; *do not round corners*. Trimming this way will avoid split and ragged nails later on, but best of all it will spare your ever having painful ingrown toenails. File all edges smooth with the fine side of an emery board.

Now you are ready for cuticle remover. Apply it with a cotton-tipped orange stick, working your cuticle back. Rinse feet with water and dry thoroughly. You're all set for the trimmings—polish or lacquer. Color really does liven up a foot. There are all kinds of wonderful shades to flatter pink, white, or tanned skins. Vivid shades look marvelous against bronzed skins. When you apply your polish, put it on evenly over the entire nail; and here's a special tip—you can get away with a darker polish on your feet than you can on your hands!

Warm-weather dole-drums. Feet—like everything else in the hot, airless days—get the dole-drums. They feel sticky, often burn or ache. You can tone them up by giving them a pep bath—a handful of bicarbonate of soda in a basin of warm water. Follow by a cool-water rinse, and dust them off with foot powder. You'll feel real relief, and will be all ready to loosen up the hot-day cranks, so carry through with some simple exercises. First, take fifty steps around the room on your bare toes. Take nice long strides. This loosens all the small bones, muscles, and ligaments. Try picking up a pencil or some small object off the floor and putting it back again—with your toes. Use each foot alternately about a half-dozen times. Lastly, raise and lower heels ever so slowly from the floor, as high as they will go, to the count of four. Lower them slowly. Repeat about ten times.

If you just want to give your feet a quick pick-me-up and you are not at home, you can do this. Cross legs and knees as you sit down, and rotate ankle to the right twenty times, and then to the left. This is tops for quick relief of muscular tension.

Footnote for warm weather. Now is the time to be on the alert for athlete's foot, a ringworm infection. You can steer clear of it by keeping your feet immaculate and avoiding walking around barefoot in public places like shower rooms, locker rooms, beach boardwalks, etc.

Finally, remember in all weather—foot pains travel fast. Aching feet produce cramped dispositions. Play square with your feet—and they'll never let you down.

THE END

1 RECIPE-\$1

Did you know that your favorite recipe can win you a dollar if it is printed in THE AMERICAN GIRL Recipe Exchange? Every month a special food is featured in the Exchange—watch for the announcement in each issue! If you have a favorite recipe that fits the announced subject, send it in. THE AMERICAN GIRL pays \$1.00 for each one that is printed. See page 33 in this issue.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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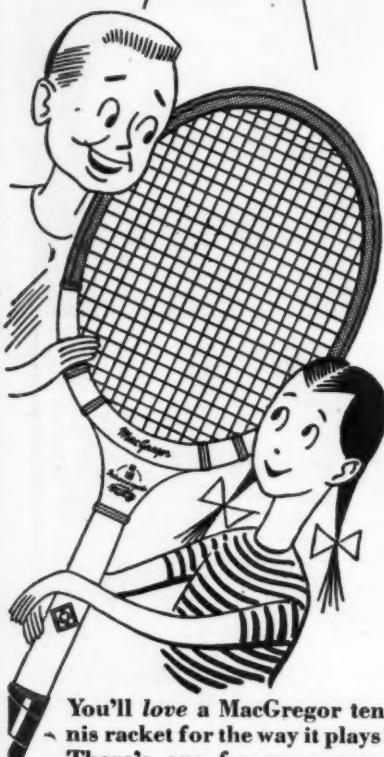
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CINCINNATI 32, OHIO

Such pretty eyes!" Everyone thought my eyes were pretty.

I won't be able to have so many clothes. Baby has to keep warm, you know. Well, I could get a job. It wouldn't hurt me, and lots of the other girls have one.

Where will Baby Dear sleep? I'm not having any screaming infant in my room to keep me awake until all hours of the night (and morning). Now I know! I'll help Dad fix up the spare room in the attic. Light pink will be pretty. Then Baby can have my room downstairs.

Maybe Mom and Dad will let me help them name her. I'm sure it's going to be a girl. Just think—a sister sixteen years younger than I. Let's see—I like Julie, Debby, Wendy, and Amy for names. I do hope they let me help name her.

I look at my watch. 4:30. I've been here for two hours. Hastily, I get up and start walking toward home. I will make the best of it and never let them know my true feelings. I'll try to be kind to Baby and who knows—I may even learn to love her in time, if I try real hard. Let's see—who will I call first to tell the secret—Kitty, June, or Carol? I start to run.

JO DAVIS (age 15) Youngsville, Pennsylvania

THE RESCUE
Poetry Award

Strange the old assembly hall
Did not seem the same at all;
People crowded in the back—
Men in solemn gray or black,
Women whispered, rustling, dressed
In their go-to-meeting best—
Packing every bench and pew.
Not one face he thought he knew.
On the platform even Teacher
Seemed an unfamiliar creature,
More like ladies from the city,
Prim beside the school committee
Posed, important, whiskered, stern.
Suddenly it was his turn;
Murmurs hushed expectantly.
In the awful silence he
Stumbled up the steps and stood,
Bowed as Teacher said he should,
Stared, mouth open, ashy, dumb—
Not a single word would come!
Then he spotted you below,
Sitting in the foremost row,
Yellow pigtails ribbon tied,
Gazing upward, shining eyed;
Saw you grin and wink your dimple . . .
"Friends," he gulped—the rest was simple!

MERRIDY FEDEROFF (age 13) Detroit, Michigan

TOPPER
FIRST NONFICTION AWARD

A cardinal fledgling came to live with us last June. The day we found her, she was fluttering around on the lawn. Her frantic parents could not help her, and she could not help herself. She had no tail feathers and her wings drooped down. Mites crusted the eyelids and ran in and out of the dirty gray feathers.

Poor, wee birdie! Cupping her in my hands, I hurried home. Mite powder and food worked wonders. She was so very hungry that she tried to swallow food, toothpick, and all!

A ventilated box was home for her until her wings grew strong enough to fold neatly against her body. A patch of scarlet began to gleam along the outer edge of each wing. The tail feathers grew in and a topknot sprouted above the bold, black eyes. We named her Topper.

Soon she was flying all about the house. She

learned to perch on a finger and "climb the stairs." She would "kiss" our hand and make soft noises when stroked.

The big question became: "Where's Topper?" One day she was in the bathroom having a fine time under a leaky faucet. Another time, she took a bath in a watermelon rind. Her favorite occupation was preening in front of a mirror.

Nighttime found her perched on the canaries' cage. Early in the morning she would fly down and chatter until someone got up to feed her. One morning something was pulling my hair. I opened my eyes and there was Topper tugging for all she was worth!

We hoped she could fly away with other cardinals who visited us. She did learn to feed herself and swoop about the yard. But one day she landed near a cat—and that was the end of Topper.

Helping her grow was an unforgettable experience. We learned that wild birds are not as carefree as they seem to be. We hear them singing and do not see the mites; we see them fit by and forget the food they need to keep strong. Fledglings can be tamed, but they cannot care for themselves if they lose their natural freedom.

Topper increased our love for, and understanding of, all birds. And knowing the needs of birds now that we were not aware of before, we remember oftener to leave something on the feeding tray for them to eat.

MARY ESTHER YOUNGBLOOD (age 12) Beeville, Tex.

MEMORIES
Fiction Award

Out in the shed . . . there is a boat.
It is overturned and balanced on two saw-horses . . .

Out in the shed . . . there is a crate made of wooden slats . . .

On those warm, moist days, when it is uncomfortable and there is an air of expectancy about, I wander out to that shed, feeling wistful. I kick a pebble as I go, and then sit on the crate, with my chin in my hands, and gaze at the boat—and think—and remember . . .

It is another day like this, another place, another time. I see a girl sitting by an open window, gazing out at the beauty that lies before her. Rolling waves crash against the rocky shore. Motorboats toss at their moorings, and the setting sun's rays glance off their windows, creating flashes at intervals. Farther out on the deep blue-green bay, creamy whitecaps top the waves that playfully toss gaily colored patches, sails, between them. A soft evening breeze, the summer kind, wafts across the sill, mingling the scent of hollyhocks and the smell of salt air, and the girl sighs. She feels a sharp pang of loneliness in her heart as she thinks of the kids her own age out in those little sailboats, and the fun they are having—while she sits here wishing . . . wishing . . .

Somewhere in the distance of reality, she hears a sharp jangling and realizes it is the telephone. She feels no sudden urgency to answer it now. There is no bound for the door and the phone stand. Let it go; let it go . . .

The voice on her end of the line seems to rise suddenly and then her door is flung open. An elderly woman pokes her head around the door, but the girl doesn't look up when she is called. She is slightly annoyed by the rush of jumbled words that come from the woman's lips because they invade on her quiet thoughts. But now,

she stops for a moment and faintly hears the words that are being spoken to her . . . "call from Ipswich . . . boat . . . club lawn . . . Dad's surprise . . ." The sudden realization of the words rushes to her and her dejected mood falls from her and crashes to the ground at her feet. She grabs for her jacket on the bed and rushes for the door, forgetting her seldom-worn sandals. She tears past the woman in the doorway, through a room, down more steps, wooden this time, to the sea. She pauses for a moment to inhale the fresh salt air and then continues on across a field, the earth damp under her feet. Finally reaching her destination, she stands triumphantly on the deep emerald lawn, like a plush carpet overturned in front of her. She grabs frantically at the tag attached to the bow of the first, searching for the one bearing her name. On down the row—and finally there it is! Her boat—her very own! A feeling of pride and joy surges over her as she turns to look out over the sparkling water. A sea gull wings past with a screeching cry, bound for some unknown destination, while the colored patches weave and tack and flash on the rolling waves. Soon, she will be out there with them . . . very soon . . .

I shift uneasily on my wooden seat as I think of these, and other things. I remember days . . . race days and regattas. I remember mishaps on the sea and the tangy feeling of salt caking on my face with the breeze blowing through my hair. I remember the anxiety when waiting for a starting gun to shatter the stillness, and the sheer joy of sailing across the finish line in one whole, happy piece. But, above all, I remember one day that stands out among the rest: the day I was told that I must leave it all, never to return again . . . and the empty feeling . . .

I rise and run my finger across the dust that covers the painted name on the stern, "The Hope." I laugh bitterly to myself as I think that it is getting near the time when I should paint her again. Then I ask myself . . . what for? What for?

I return to the apartment house, kicking a pebble as I go, and sniff the stifling breeze that mingles the smells of cooking, cabbage, gas fumes, chimney soot, and other city smells. Somewhere in the distance, a factory whistle blows.

HEATHER LEE SMITH (age 13) Albany, New York



ART AWARD:
BRENT SCHNEIDER (age 12)
Fort Monroe, Virginia

THE AMERICAN GIRL

TURKISH SCHOOLGIRLS Nonfiction Award

I have thought that you would like to know something about Turkish schoolgirls, because I also wonder about the life of American schoolgirls. I will tell you about the girls of my age. I am in the third grade of high school and am seventeen years old.

We have seven classes in a day. Lessons start at 8:30 A.M. and are over at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. After school, we go to a pastryshop or a cinema, or we take a walk. Generally, we go to a library.

Every morning when I enter the classroom, there is always a lot of noise. Some girls talk or sing loudly, and some of them look out of the window for the teachers—to see if any of them will not come; a few are reading the last pages of the lesson because we usually take an oral test in the first period. It is my belief that in order not to be called on, during an oral examination, I hold the hand of my friend. You also try it. Our lessons are really hard. Every night I study for three hours because bad marks make my mother ill.

Our week-end holiday is one-and-a-half days. On Saturday and Sunday we do not think much about lessons. We go to parties or dances with our boy friends, who are relatives or very well known by our parents. A few parents allow their daughters to go out at night.

We are interested in sewing, knitting, and cooking. Most of the girls of my age can make their own dresses. During the holidays, like my friends, I also cook to help Mother. Knitting is the habit of Turkish girls. As a result of being interested in sewing, we like to be stylish. I, myself, always try to be well-dressed and spend very much money for dresses.

Like every student, we also have many ideals for the future. All of us want to be well-educated Turkish ladies. It is our great ideal to take place in the social life and do our best for our country.

ÜLKÜ HAMZADI (age 17) Ankara, Turkey

CONSTRUCTION JOB Fiction Award

The marshes around Boston were not made for fishing by small boys. The "gang" had a pretty tough time; sometimes they would stand knee deep in creek water for hours, but to them it was worth every moment. On occasions they would be rewarded by a perch (too small for eating) or a mud turtle, which was poked and kicked on all sides until the poor animal gave up and lay still in the marsh water.

Among the group of boys was Ben, their unofficial leader. Ben had a good but sturdy head on his fourteen-year-old shoulders, and more important, he knew how to use it.

None of the gang will ever forget Ben's project. One of his friends tells it this way:

"Well as I kin 'member it, that Sunday turned out to be hot and damp, and come about midafternoon, we wuz all pretty miserable. Then Ben comes up with this idea.

"Ben gets up offa the porch steps and walks back and forth across the walk. Then he stops and turns. 'Any o' you lads seen the house they're buildin' down by the marsh?'

"Tom and I had seen the workmen, and we asked why he brought it up.

"Ben says, 'Well, boys, we wuz thinkin' that the workmen have a lot o' old stones and bricks they don't need over yonder, and since we need a pier to fish off of awful bad—' (Ooh's and ahh's from the fellas.)

"'Hurrah for Ben,' we shouted, jumpin' up and startin' over to the site of the house. We

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PRECAUTIONS

When polio is around—



DON'T mix with new groups



DON'T get overtired



DON'T get chilled



BUT DO keep clean

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

sorcery surveyed the bricks and I said, 'Gosh, Ben, those stones look plenty heavy!'

"But Ben glared at me, 'Nonsense, we got muscles!' So we started totin' the rocks over to the place where we figured to build the wharf. Now, ya got to understand that it never occurred to us, especially Ben, that the folks buildin' the house would need the stuff we wuz borrowin'!"

"Well, the next day, when we wuz comin' home from school, the story got out that a bunch a' hoodlums and vandals had stolen some buildin' materials from a house near the marshes.

"Wuz we scared!

"But Ben and us talked it over and we decided to go t' the contractor, and tell him about what we did with the stuff we borrowed.

"As Ben had a reputation fer doin' mischievous things, folks wasn't too surprised, 'til they looked at the pier.

"Mr. Davis, the contractor, went down to the pier with us and stopped when he saw it. He walked to the end of it, stomped his foot a couple times and walked back to us. He turned smilin' to Ben, 'Lads, that's one piece of architecture. I couldn't have built it half so well, myself. Why the symmetric design and balance is amazing! I can't forgive you entirely, but, boys, I would be crazy to tear that wharf down. I might want to go fishing some day soon.'

"Well, we didn't know what symmetric design wuz, but we let out a cheer for Mr. Davis that wuz heard clear on the other side of the marsh!

"Yep, that's the story. I reckon we'll always remember the episode of the wharf, and our leader, Ben. Especially since our leader, Ben, was Benjamin Franklin!"

SUZANNE SMITH (age 16) Birmingham, Alabama

BAND REHEARSAL NONFICTION AWARD

This rehearsal is true, only the conductor has been changed to protect the players.

1:21 P.M.: This is the auditorium. Everyone is seated ready to play. The conductor raises his arms, and suddenly, from out of nowhere, comes that old familiar refrain, dum-de-dum-dum.

1:26 P.M.: Having done away with one trumpet player, the conductor tells us the next number. All goes well until . . .

Rules for BY

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Only original material, never before published, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7".

WARNING: Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the October, 1954, issue must be mailed on or before July 1, 1954. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of

1:31 P.M.: In the middle of a rest a loud groan is heard. Is someone sick? Has someone been murdered? No, none of these usual things happened. It was just someone being . . . funny? Well, the conductor didn't think so.

1:36 P.M.: Minus one drummer, the rehearsal continues.

1:41 P.M.: By this time, Schubert has turned over in his grave on hearing his "Unfinished Symphony" murdered by these—clarinet players?

1:46 P.M.: With a few changes in the clarinet section, the conductor attempts to finish the "Unfinished Symphony." I wonder why he is putting on ear muffs? Could it be that he doesn't like our playing? Thus, we leave it unfinished.

1:51 P.M.: Next he takes "Hollywood Serenade." Some one hundred measures later, the conductor praises us on a fine job. Everyone looks at everyone else in amazement.

1:56 P.M.: "Chorale and Fugue" is next," says the conductor. About three minutes and two pages later, he stops the band. Pointing a long finger in my direction, he says, "Please play what is written between letters F and G." Quaking in my shoes, my fingers trembling, I begin. Making million upon million of mistakes, the clock clicks that final minute. I am saved by the bell!

The results of this case are that the band was sentenced to come to all rehearsals until June 1954.

JOAN NICHOLSON (age 16) Deer Park, New York

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Gail Omvedt (age 12) Minneapolis, Minnesota. Carol Osborne (age 14) Pueblo, Colorado.

POETRY: Sondra Spivey (age 11) Phenix City, Alabama. Pat Ogren (age 15) Kansas City, Kansas.

FICTION: Patricia Korn (age 15) Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

NONFICTION: Barbara Bloom (age 15) Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Barbara Topolski (age 15) Independence, Ohio.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Raneta Sappington (age 12) Cloud Chief, Oklahoma. Maryanne N. Ricker (age 14) Appleton, Wisconsin.

YOU Entries

the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written: The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these:

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9 Jokes

APPROPRIATE

VISITOR: What is your little boy's name?
MOTHER: His name is George, but we call him flannel.

VISITOR: What a curious nickname! Why?
MOTHER: Because he shrinks from washing.

Sent by CAROLYN LAWRENCE, Malvern, Arkansas

TRAIN OVERBOARD!

PASSENGER (on westbound train): Are you sure this train stops at San Francisco?

CONDUCTOR: Well, if it doesn't there's going to be an awful splash!

Sent by ANNE PIDDINGTON, Dunellen, New Jersey

LOGICAL

TEACHER: Give me an example of an indirect tax.

JOAN: The dog tax.

TEACHER: Are you sure that is an indirect tax?

JOAN: Well, the dog doesn't pay it.

Sent by BETTY SUE WOODRUFF, Bay Port, Michigan

THAT'S BAD

BILL: How's your insomnia?

JIM: Much worse. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up.

Sent by CAROL FISHER, Teaneck, New Jersey

RIDDLE

I have cities but no houses; forests but no trees; rivers without water. What am I?

ANSWER: A map.

Sent by KATHY RILEY, Elmwood, Connecticut

THE DIFFERENCE

GUM: is what makes things stick to you.
CUMPTION: is what makes you stick to things.

Sent by EVELYN KRIST, Franklin, Nebraska

NO USE STALLING

There were guests for dinner, and little Ann wanted to help, so her mother allowed her to serve the dessert. Proudly she carried in the first slice of pie from the kitchen and served it to her father, who passed it to a guest. When he did the same with the second piece she brought him, Ann told him in a loud whisper, "It's no use, Daddy, they're all the same size!"

Sent by JANICE GRAY, Bedford, Iowa

ZZZONE ZZZLEEPER

FIRST CAMPER: When I woke up the blankets were all wrapped round me.

SECOND CAMPER: Boy! You must have slept like a top.

Sent by MARY CUMMINGS, McWayne, Arkansas

AGAINST ALL ODDS

LITTLE BOY: Look, Mother, I pulled up this weed all by myself.

MOTHER: My, you are a strong boy!

LITTLE BOY: Yes, and the whole world was holding on to the other end of it.

Sent by SHARON RUMBLE, Medina, New York

FAR, FAR AWAY

MRS. JONES: Those eggs I bought yesterday weren't fresh.

GROCER: Madam, they were brought from the country just before you bought them.

MRS. JONES: Yes, but what country?

Sent by DEE WILLIAMS, Franklin, Indiana

RETON COURTEOUS

Two motorists met on a bridge too narrow for their cars to pass.

"I never back up for an idiot!" said one driver angrily.

"I always do," replied the other as he shifted into reverse.

Sent by NORA BERNSTEIN, Brooklyn, New York

SAVING HIS ENERGY

"I have the laziest rooster that ever was hatched," one farmer told another. "He's so lazy that when the rooster on the next farm crows in the morning, my rooster just listens and nods his head."

Sent by CAROLYN BARRY, Burbank, California

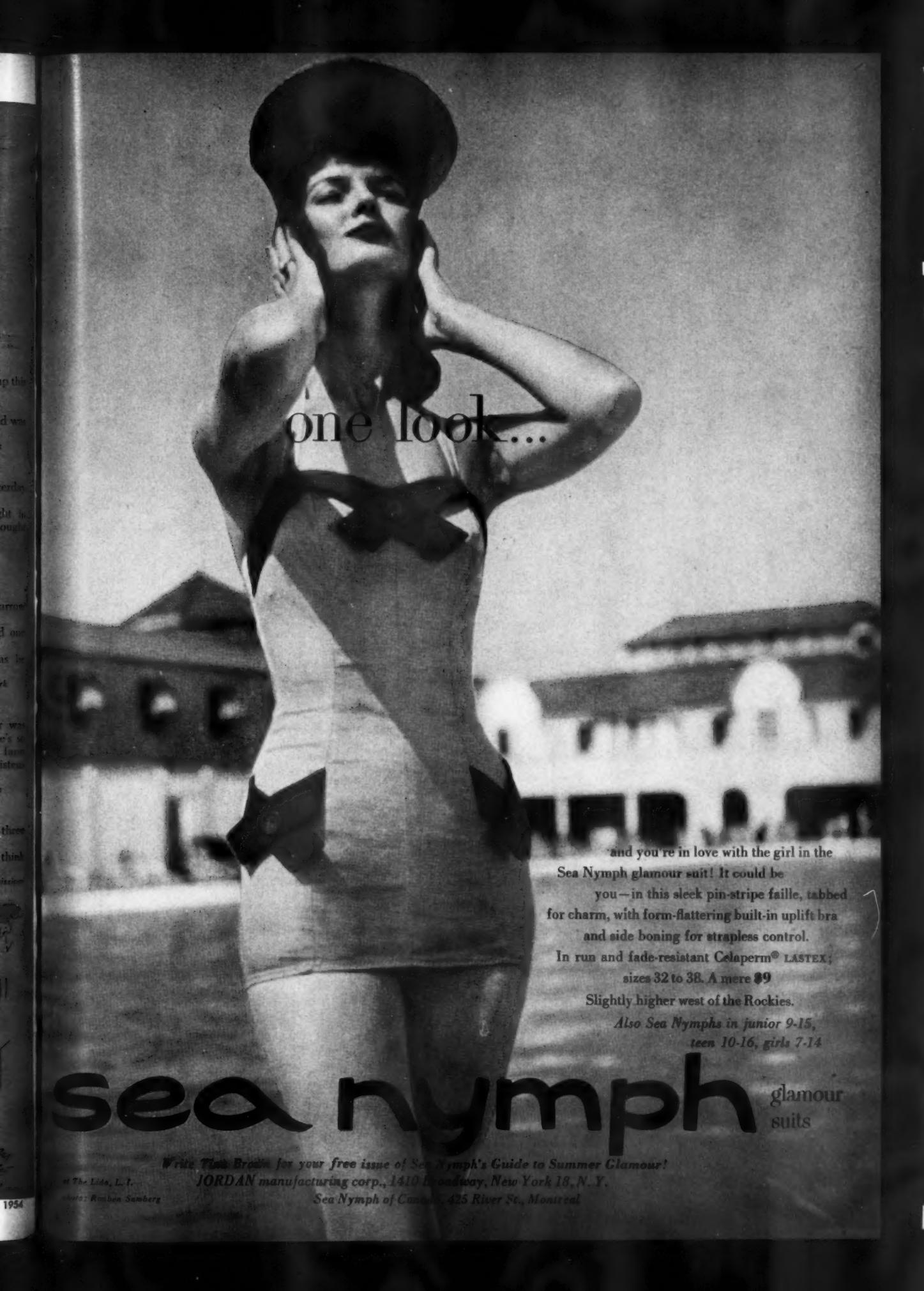
TOO TRIFLING

MATH TEACHER: What is one fifth of three sixteenths?

FREDDY: I don't know—but I don't think it's enough to worry about.

Sent by ZONITA BEAUCHAMP, Vicksburg, Mississippi





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